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With a gesture of submission, he bared his head.
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"Placet."
That is the way they make love in the precincts of Shrewsbury . . . *(See page 6)*

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Retreat from Utopia

BY VAN WYCK BROOKS

What happened to the Brook Farm colonists after their communistic experiment in Massachusetts collapsed; and how Brook Farm and the Berkshires gave to the greatest New England novelist themes and characters for some of his best stories.

VAN WYCK BROOKS

AFTER eight years of ups and downs, Brook Farm, one of the first communistic experiments in America, came to an end in 1847, not without important consequences. There were not wanting well-informed observers who were to assert, in later years, that from the farm had sprung the movement of organized labor in New England and even throughout the nation. It had other results of a personal kind. Two well-known journalists of the future, Charles A. Dana of the New York *Sun* and John Sullivan Dwight of the *Journal of Music*, received their first training as editors of *The Harbinger*, the magazine published at the farm. *The Harbinger* had opened with a translation of George Sand's "Consuelo," and almost every writer in New England contributed an essay or a poem. But the farm had not long survived the coming of the Fourierists, Owen, Horace Greeley, and Albert Brisbane,* who had translated Fourier's writings. Brisbane wished to turn it into a Fourierist "phalanstery," where all the ideas of the master were to be applied. With certain modifications, the plan was adopted, and the members were divided into "groups" and "series." But something went out of the life of the farm. Ceasing to be voluntary, it ceased to be poetic; and when disaster fell, the farm fell with it.

Dwight, the chief of the "Festal Series," was all but broken-hearted. The music-master was a pretty sight, surrounded by his class of singing children. He was happy to hoe the corn on Sundays, paying his regards to the Puritan sabbath by breaking it in every way he could; and, although he did not like to hoe on week-days, he had contrived to put up with the new routine. He did not know what to do when the sad news broke. He struggled on for a time in Boston, trying to maintain a "combined household" for some of the Brook Farmers. He never lost his faith in association; he felt that a communal life was the only life for humanity and that society must be set in order before the individual could be himself. The organization of labor, the abolition of competition, this was the road to the future, as Dwight conceived it. It was not until 1852 that he was able to start the *Journal of Music*, which he was to conduct for thirty years. This was the journal that set the musical standard of Boston. It published the musical news of Italy, Paris, Germany, England, Liszt's "Life of Chopin," a serial life of Mozart, hundreds of original compositions. It even led the musical thought of the country, till the editor's dislike of Brahms and Wagner gradually destroyed its influence. This was in the far future, when Dwight was the dictator of music. He had made his way by lecturing and writing, carrying on, in Boston and elsewhere in New England, the "mass clubs" he had started at the farm.

"Archon" Ripley went to New York, with Dana, to work on Greeley's *Tribune*. It was a sad descent, sitting all day long in a little office, on the fourth floor of a huge, dirty building, reached by winding, narrow littered stairs, with machines whizzing and clanking about him, paragraphing and clipping for *The Tribune*. One never heard the vireo there, and Utopia seemed very far away. Every night he plodded home to Brooklyn. He shared a single room with his wife in a shabby boarding-house in a dingy street. In this room his wife died of cancer, while Ripley, at his table in the corner, worked away for dear life,—the modest, laborious Ripley, too humble to collect in volume-form the clear and scholarly essays he wrote for his paper on Lessing, Voltaire, Rousseau, Hartmann, Spencer. These essays, like Dwight's—never collected either,—deserved a place of honor in the literature of criticism. Two decades were to pass, in this Grub-Street twilight, while he composed, with Dana, the "New American Encyclopædia," before the sun rose again for Ripley. He had a brief, happy second youth, with means, a little travel, a brougham to drive about in Central Park. For even Brook Farmers come to gigs at last.

Two notable women, members of Ripley's circle, had gone to New York, at least for a while, before him. Lydia Maria

* *The father of Arthur Brisbane.—Editor.*

Next Week

FREEDOM, FAREWELL!
By PHYLLIS BENTLEY
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

WE EUROPEANS
By JULIAN HUXLEY and A. C. HADDON
Reviewed by Ellsworth Huntington

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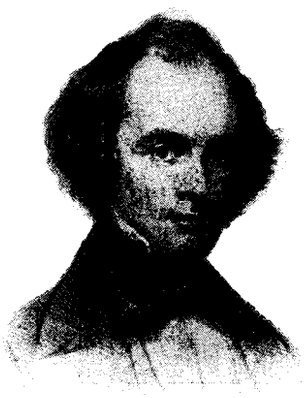
Child, the novelist, had written thence her "Letters from New York, 1841-1844," an unpretentious picture of the city that was to have its interest in later years. Mrs. Child was at home in the rural outskirts, the charming villages on the New Jersey shore, the woody banks of Weehawken, a wild garden of early flowers. In the Hoboken meadows, she found violets nestling in moss-grown stumps. New York itself was too much in a hurry-scurry, and there was something brutal in its life. The dog-catchers trooped down the streets, their clothes bespattered with blood; they had clubs over their shoulders to beat to death every dog they found without a master. She had never seen such sights as this in humanitarian Boston. She studied the prisons, the care of the poor, the Swedenborgian meetings, the meetings for the discussion of mesmerism, the popular acclaim of Ole Bull, who had just arrived from Norway. New York was not like Boston. It never entered the head of a Wall Street merchant that he was himself responsible for the evils of the town; and, although she found "Transcendental muslins" advertised in the Bowery, she never met with the well-known cult in any other form. Was she herself a Transcendentalist? She had certainly used the phrase "highly gifted"; and yet she had been mystified, in some of the Boston circles, where she had had to bite her finger to be sure it was really solid. She felt a good deal of sympathy with the plain man of business, and she drew a kindly, generous, motherly picture of the town that he had built for his habitation. But as for his toleration of slavery and a thousand other abuses, she did not abate a word of her honest abhorrence.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Engraved from a painting by C. G. Thompson

Margaret Fuller, with her intenser mind, had also surveyed the metropolis. She had gone there in 1844 to join the staff of *The Tribune*. She lived in Horace Greeley's house and carried on raids of observation into the territories of the prince of darkness, Sing Sing, Blackwell's Island, the Five Points, even the salons of the literati. Greeley had been attracted by her books, which had appeared in *The Dial*,—the well-known feminist treatise, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," and the notes on Western travel, "Summer on the Lakes." He felt that hers was the sort of pen to make his own paper a living force; for this female Montesquieu, as her followers thought her, who had given her own sex its title-deeds, seemed ready to forward every enlightened cause. She had written well of the West. With James Freeman Clarke's artist-sister, she had spent the summer of 1843 in Cleveland, Chicago, and Wisconsin. She had mingled with the New England pioneers, bent on seeking their fortunes, the fathers and mothers of a race to come. What had been their one preoccupation? Alas, from the oldest man to the youngest child, they talked not of what they were going to do but of what they were going to get, ease and money. Could anything more be hoped of the Germans and Swedes, who were flocking into these beautiful wildernesses, amid the prairie flowers and the lowing cattle? The scene, she knew, had a mighty meaning, and she hoped to divine the law by which a new poetry and order might be evoked from this chaos. She liked the outdoor festivals of the pioneers, the huskings and the hop-gatherings, as merry as the Scottish harvest-home or the Italian vintage, the groups of men and girls filling their baskets with the gay festoons. But everywhere she saw, in germ, the fatal spirit of imitation, a reference to European ways. She noted the fine taste the Indians showed in the sites of their clustered lodges on the lakes and streams. Let the white men blacken the Indians as they might, talk of their filth and brutality; she could well believe that an Indian brave, rambling on these paths, in the beams of the sun, might be mistaken for Apollo. The Indians had loved the French. How could they love the Protestant missionary, with his niggardly conceptions, his unfeeling stare? As for the general prospects of these regions, whatever the future might bring she was bound to say, "There is nothing real in the freedom of thought at the West. It is from the position of men's lives, not the state of their minds."

Now, in New York, on *The Tribune*, she was writing on current literature. She hoped to clarify American thought, in its dim and struggling state, and introduce the new European writers. She paid no attention to the magazine-stories, "written for the press, in a spirit of imitation and vanity, the paltriest offspring of the human brain." What was her criterion? "Most men, in judging another man, ask, Did he live up to our standard? To me it seems desirable to ask, Did he live up to his own?" She added that Goethe's faults fitted him all the better for the part he had to play. She interpreted the more significant writers, looking to the day "when our population shall have settled into a homogeneous national life, and we have attained vigor to walk in our own way, make our own world, and leave off copying Europe." Her judgments were remarkably just, and some of her general intuitions gave her work a measure of permanent interest. She contrasted the boyish crudity that marked so many American writers, timid and boastful at once, with the tempered, manly equipoise of the thoroughbred European; and, regarding the larger aspects of civilization, she spoke for the longer time as well as the shorter.

> Since the Revolution (she observed) there has been little, in the circumstances of this country, to call out the higher sentiments. The effect of continued prosperity is the same on nations as on individuals,—it leaves the nobler faculties undeveloped. The superficial diffusion of knowledge, unless attended by a corresponding deepening of its sources, is likely to vulgarize rather than raise the thought of a nation, depriving it of another sort of education through sentiments of reverence, and leading the multitude to believe themselves capable of judging what they but dimly discern. . . . In a word, the tendency of circumstances has been to make our people superficial, irreverent, and more anxious to get a living than to live mentally and morally.

A statement that could hardly have been challenged ninety years later.

In 1846, Margaret Fuller set out for Europe. She had read the invisible ink in many minds and lives, in Hawthorne's, for one, the American writer whom, after Emerson, she most admired. Hawthorne had returned for three years to Salem. His friends Horatio Bridge and Franklin Pierce had gone to Concord, to the Manse, to see him. They found him chopping wood in the shed, dressed in his old blue frock and troubled over the problem of earning a living; and they promised to use their influence with Bancroft, who had risen in the political world and was Secretary of the Navy, to find a post for him that would give him an income. Horatio Bridge himself was in the navy, and he had written a book, with Hawthorne's help, the "Journal of an African Cruiser," a collection of lively impressions of the African Gold Coast, Liberia, Sierra Leone, the Canaries. Hawthorne went back to Salem with a heavy heart, as the new surveyor of the custom-house. A botanist who lived in the town had recently noted that the English white-thorn, the hawthorn of the poets, had slowly naturalized itself in Salem. It was otherwise with the flower of Hawthorne's mind. The mud, the dust, the east wind, the petty trickeries of the politicians, the chilliness of the social atmosphere—"Who ever heard of the Hawthornes?" one of the ladies of Chestnut Street remarked—benumbed and befogged his senses. He went about his work

(*Continued on page* 14)

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America's Campus Culture

ALMA MATER: THE GOTHIC AGE OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE. By Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, in "The Age of Confidence," had presented the background and interests of the late nineteenth century. In "Alma Mater" he has narrowed his focus and is dealing with the college life he knew best in his own formative years. By so doing he has made a highly significant contribution not only to the history of our higher education, but to American social history as well.

Mr. Canby's thesis has the merit of simplicity. In the early nineteen hundreds, college graduates could be recognized in their communities. They belonged to a class more homogeneous than any other in America, and from this class came many if not most of the "leaders" who are now in executive charge of the country and who have shaped the greater part of the codes, ideals, and manners of life which dominate us. The campus was the conditioning laboratory for these most promising, or most favored, of our young men. The hundreds of alma maters in our country turned out the dominant segment in our ruling classes (including all of our presidents since Grover Cleveland), and curiously enough begot in them the feeling that a power trust is all right if run by the right people, but that a "brain trust" in government is contemptible upon any terms. To understand this seeming incongruity in the intellectual attitude toward life, it must be remembered, as Mr. Canby repeatedly points out, that it was not the professors who trained this generation. It was not shaped by intellectual disciplines. It was the product of "college life," of the *mores* of the American campus.

After his graduation in the late nineties, Mr. Canby remained in the college as a teacher. His interests as a man of letters often carried him outside the campus and he therefore writes of it with a perspective denied to those who never strayed beyond their ivied walls. He carries us down through the succeeding decades to the present, and notes in these intervening years the changes which came over the spirit of the college. These intervening years which saw the triumph of applied science, the breakdown of stereotyped religion, and the defeat of the classics, also saw the "collegiate youth rise, strut, and decline into the comics." From the author's undergraduate days when romantic college life was in full and somewhat fantastic flower, we have now passed on to a period when the college generation has grown realistic and doubtful of the future.

In the early nineteen hundreds Price Collier wrote a volume on Germany which caused considerable sensation in American college circles. He called Germany the "land of damned professors." For better or for worse, there, university teachers like Treitschke consciously molded and shaped the life and culture of their country. It is true there were able men on our own college campuses, but nearly all of them were conscious that they were not standing in the tide-way of American life. There were professors, to be sure, who earned affectionate nicknames like the Walrus, the Goat, Baldy; and others at the opposite end of the spectrum who were known as Stinker and Bitch. They, however, were estimated not as important intellectual forces, but as part of Alma Mater's menagerie. Alma Mater was glorified not for what it taught, but for the way of life which it encouraged. It was not a quiet life of reading and meditation, or even of idleness. It was dynamic, a life of undergraduates actively on the make. Everything in those days was an "activity"; going out for the team, crew, or college daily, the glee club, or even the Y. M. C. A. Everything might become an activity,—everything except scholarship. The undergraduate labored to turn Ixion's wheel up the slope. His activities were futile, but they won him a place among the right people and insured his future in our fiercely competitive life which was supposed to be the real America. Its own supposedly peculiar "college spirit" was the thing of which every college was proudest and this spirit had nothing to do with the teaching of professors; it was the creation of the life of the undergraduates. Not only were we not interested in ideas; even in the colleges of liberal arts, we were not really interested in the arts. It was respectable to play the guitar or banjo since by doing so you might "make" the sentimental glee club of those days. If, however, you remained in your room and played Bach or Beethoven on a violin, then undergraduates branded you as a freak.

DRAWING BY CHARLES W. SMITH
From "Alma Mater."

Mr. Canby's book begins with a generalized picture of the college town in which Alma Mater was situated. Needless to say, it was puritanical and here every emotion had its inhibition. Reserve and respectability were its watchwords. In this section, as indeed throughout, Mr. Canby's pages are graced by charming vignettes, such as his pictures of the college widow and the professor's wife. In that vitalized life of the college, created by the undergraduate, the professor realized that he played no real part. This hurt his pride and he was too often a defeatist. There were, to be sure, rare stout-hearted scholars like Lounsbury and Sumner; but Sumner, we are told, had little influence upon those undergraduates who read newspapers in his classes; and he was the type of professor against whose disturbing ideas alumni protested. The presence of even such men could not prevent the spread in faculty circles of a sense of futility and frustration. All this made for an arid background in which the ordinary life of the emotions found little outlet. Mr. Canby does not say so, but he might as well have said that it was undersexed. In their social gatherings stiffbacked professors tried to relax, while their wives, "with the curious pursed mouth of the academic woman, showed more concern for their dignity than for the entertainment." This was, of course, in the far off nineties, and a little later, the author relents and makes amends to the professor's wife.

It would be a serious mistake to assume that "Alma Mater" was written with satirical intent. If it is a brilliant book, it is also richly reminiscent and keenly analytical. Mr. Canby's compact and challenging volume tells us, in the language of the undergraduate, "how we got that way." It tells us not only what the college of the eighteen-nineties and early nineteen hundreds did to the country, but by implication, what the country did to the college. If it contains a challenge on every page, it contains also one thundering paradox. How can he expect us to condemn utterly that era in our academic history so long as he keeps on proving to us that it could produce historians as self-critical, as honest, as intelligent, and as courageous, as Henry Seidel Canby, Yale, 1899S?

Christian Gauss is dean of Princeton College. Among his many books is "Through College on Nothing a Year."

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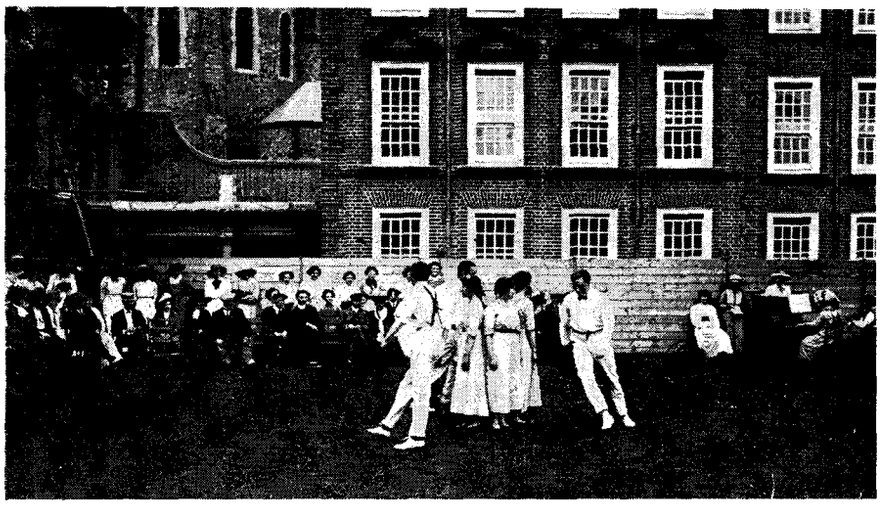

DANCING IN THE QUAD, SOMERVILLE COLLEGE, OXFORD
Somerville was Dorothy Sayers's college; Harriet Vane's is "Shrewsbury."

Gaudeamus Igitur

GAUDY NIGHT. By Dorothy L. Sayers. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDITH HAMILTON

THE conversational stamina of the women dons of Oxford and the cultivated—oh, but very, very—level of talk they maintain continuously, at all times, in all places, breakfast, tea, dinner; shops, bedrooms, boating parties—these are the two chief impressions left when one closes "Gaudy Night."

The culture in these pages is humbling to a simple American. This reviewer has had a long acquaintance with one of our major women's colleges and she has attended many an academic dinner party, but never at one of them has she known the guest of the occasion faced—and when only the fish course was over—with a request for his views on the Platonic philosophy. But at the High Table in the woman's College of Shrewsbury, Oxford, that is the way things are done and the guest flings out in reply an airy quip from Aristotle—in Greek, which the company welcome as a familiar friend.

No wonder either. Quotations in many languages for every occasion are the stock in trade at Shrewsbury. The prospective reader of "Gaudy Night" is herewith advised to get up his Bartlett. Not that an acquaintance with the merely familiar will at all suffice, but it will often be of use in deciding whether Lord Peter's apt retort is due to his ready wit or his no less ready memory. For quotation marks are not in order. Oxonians do not need such guide posts. Fancy anyone in Shrewsbury mistaking a gem of literature for a mere improvisation. And while one is about it, one might as well rub up one's Latin a bit too. There is quite a lot of it in the book. Indeed, several lines from Virgil—never translated—are an important clue in the mystery.

For there is a mystery deftly tucked in between the long and leisurely and discursive conversations and meditations which make up two-thirds of the volume. It turns not upon a murder, but upon the activities of a poltergeist armed with a poison pen which just fall short of murder. Quite a good mystery results, and yet this reviewer, a devotee of detective stories, was never tempted to skip the talk and hurry on to the solution, so wisely and so entertainingly do the learned ladies and gentlemen discourse. Miss Sayers has, for one reader at least, completely succeeded in what she evidently aimed to do, arouse an immediate interest in the mad happenings that turn the staid college up side down, and yet perpetually divert the attention from the puzzle to discussions on anything and everything totally unconnected with it. That takes very skilful writing. Miss Sayers has done a real tour de force, and done it with ease and grace.

And yet with all her skill, the book often shows a surprising naïveté. Difficulties arise for the purpose of displaying the heroine's and above all, the hero's power to surmount them. Was Lord Peter so impeccably adequate in the earlier stories? But of course he was. It is the presupposition to every detective tale that the super-detective cannot be really baffled. To conceive of Dr. Thorndyke or Inspector French as ever hopelessly up against it, would be to destroy the foundation of our delight in them. We must feel secure in their power to meet every situation. It is only because in "Gaudy Night" Miss Sayers has gone outside the detective writer's conventions, that we are bothered by, for instance, Lord Peter's ability to quell the rage of a husky undergraduate, bent upon knocking him out, by seizing "one" of his wrists "in an iron grip." Such an achievement would not arrest us for a moment in the onward sweep of a first class mystery nor the young man's instant conversion to humility and apologies. But if Miss Sayers does intend to take to another sort of fiction—which heaven forbid—she will have to give us a different Lord Peter—and oh, what a loss.

As for the heroine, she is a wish-fulfilment, what every scholastic woman wants to be. Brim full of learning and of fame, yet able—and in her thirties too—to work havoc in an undergraduate heart and hold to herself firmly, through year after year of refusals, a rich and noble lover, who takes each No with the sweetest resignation and the most undaunted resolution to try again. He loves her too, for her "devastating talent for keeping to the point and speaking the truth." Oh, "These are dreams that visit women's pillows."

To the impatient reader who wants his mystery straight, it may be said that it is quite possible to disentangle the story from the talk and that although he will find Lord Peter playing a dual role, lover as well as detective, the love story is a good rival to the search for the criminal. It comes to an end so beautifully appropriate that it must be quoted—as it can be without fear of spoiling the interest.

> "I can only tell you that if you will marry me, it will give me very great happiness."
> "Peter!"
> She stood still and searched for the word that would carry her over the last difficult breach. It was he who found it for her. With a gesture of submission, he bared his head.
> "Placetne, magistra?"
> "Placet."

That is the way they make love in the precincts of Shrewsbury.

Edith Hamilton was for twenty-five years head of the Bryn Mawr School. She is the author of "The Greek Way" and "The Roman Way," and her new book, "The Prophets of Israel," is to be published this Spring.

Ah, Cypripedium

By AUDREY WURDEMANN

WHAT is softer than the plum,
The pale new buds of trees
Unplucked? Ah, cypripedium
Is smoother silk than these.

What is pinker than the ear
Of newly-colted fawn?
Such is the hue these flowers wear,
Unstained by sun,

Unbroken by the winds that move
The upper foliage of the bush,
These little slippers made for Love
To walk within that hush.

Was ever shapely foot so shod?
Atalanta's shoes were fleet,
Doeskin or gold—The Cyprian god
Wears flowers on her feet.

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A Quartet of Travel Books

FOG AND MEN ON BERING SEA. By Max Miller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1936. $3.

MEN IN SUN HELMETS. By Vic Hurley. The same. $2.50.

A WAYFARER IN NORWAY. By Samuel J. Beckett. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $2.50.

A WAYFARER IN IRELAND. By Con O'Leary. The same. $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHERINE WOODS

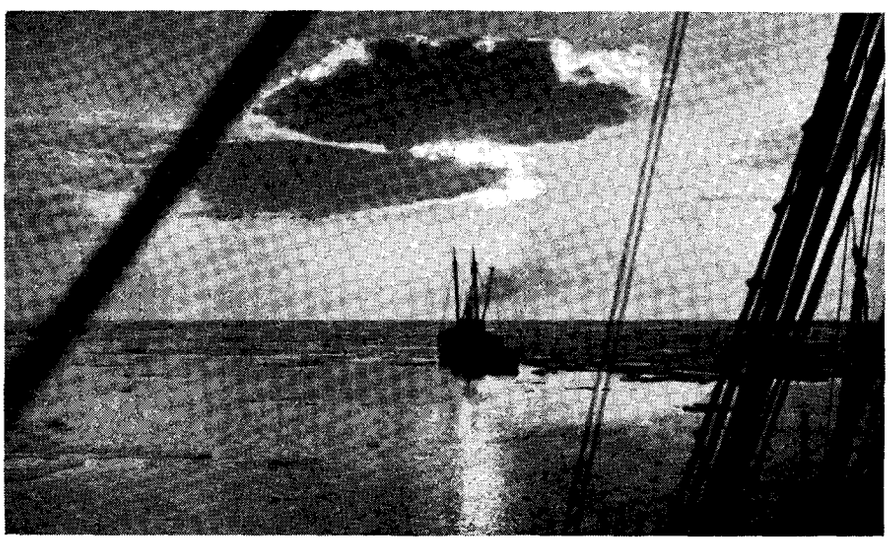
THERE are various kinds and classes of so-called travel books, and some are literature and others a waste of white paper or worse; but the question of whether such a book be good or bad is not primarily a question of its literary value. A book is good, as a travel book, if it is informed, straightforward, and realistic; it is bad in just so far as it marks a quest for spurious, or trumped-up, "romance." The four publications here considered are good, in that all-important sense of straightaway realism, although only two of them—the books by Max Miller and Vic Hurley—are real books, with an appeal to general interest; the two "Wayfarer" volumes are little more than guides.

As readers of their other books probably remember, Vic Hurley and Max Miller were classmates—1923—at Washington State University, and not long after graduation the former went to the Philippines to try to grow coconuts Southeast of Zamboanga, while his friend settled into newspaper work and Covered the Waterfront. Miller has produced several books since his first success; Vic Hurley's new volume is his second. Though one writes of the glamorous North and the other of the enticing tropics, they do not write "romantic" books. Hurley's attitude toward romance, indeed, might most obviously be expressed by a couplet of the Ogden Nash sort. And Miller's readers are unlikely soon to forget the Arctic's deadly monotony. These books are not romantic: they are genuinely alive.

Max Miller went with the Coast Guard cutter *Northland* on its matter-of-fact journey to the far reaches of Alaska, where it ministers to the needs of the Eskimos, carries the mail, is ready to help ships in distress, and makes itself generally useful. And the book of his observations, totally innocent of glamour, is interesting on every page. Villages so much alike that they could well be merely numbered, planted uneasily on treeless sandspits, peopled by meek and apathetic natives—and one of these villages is wiped out by starvation every once in a while. In one village, a survival of tribal tradition. In another village, a new and astonishing PWA bridge. Fog, and smells, and dulness; but picturesque characters, odd anecdotes, too. This is the Alaska beyond the tourist trails, the Alaska of the Coast Guard ships. Max Miller's readers will do some thinking about it.

Vic Hurley, beaten in his fight with the primitive tropics of southern Mindanao, decided to try tropic existence de luxe before going home; his present book is a record of experience and observation during his seven years as a well-paid "contract man" with an American coconut company in Zamboanga. But "Men in Sun Helmets" is less the story of his own adventures (indeed his life was now comparatively unadventurous) than a collection of pen pictures of the people and things about him. Fighting Moros; white men who had or had not "gone tropic"; the native girls; the natural scene. This book is not so arresting as "Southeast of Zamboanga," and it lacks the continuity of that personal narrative, of course. But it is not merely a set of surface snapshots and anecdotes; one is left with a sense almost of devastation here and there; more than a little pity; but a good deal of zest and humor as well. And everything the author has to say about fish is magnificent.

"A Wayfarer in Norway" and "A Wayfarer in Ireland" are helpful little books, the first-named especially interesting. Mr. Beckett has written clearly and readably, not only about Norway's scenic splendors, but about its people as well, and the unusual features of the country's economic and social life. In "A Wayfarer in Ireland" the author follows a more distinctly guide-book style, but there is much in the book that will be found suggestive and charming by travelers.



HUDSON'S BAY SHIP *ANYOX*. *From "Fog and Men on Bering Sea."*

Among Storm Clouds

NOT TOO NARROW . . . NOT TOO DEEP. By Richard Sale. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM DOERFLINGER

MR. SALE'S first novel is an action story lit with the glow of revelation. A tale of escape from a penal colony in the Caribbean, it has a weird intensity and enchantment about it, a lurid and enthralling light that make it a brilliant story of the sea and the fettered souls of men. Granted the device that lets a supernatural stranger appear from nowhere and ally himself with a party of fugitives from an island of the damned, Mr. Sale has succeeded in blending mysticism and brute realism into a striking piece of fiction, a moving study of release from the too deep, too narrow grave of human limitations.

Out of the jungle on St. Pierre Island stumble ten men. They are a titanic cast of characters, in an atmosphere electric with their mutual hatred and fear. Their voyage, in an open sloop, from St. Pierre towards freedom, is one of the most vivid deep-water journeys we can recall in contemporary fiction. Mr. Sale commands the short-story writer's art of making every word count. Intense for unnoticed pages, the story grows more thoughtful towards the close. Cambreau, the figure of mystery, is the key to the book's philosophy. Seer and healer, immune to hardship, he dominates the party. Mr. Sale never identifies him outright. At the end, as the subtly changed survivors swim to the beach at Miami, one knows that Cambreau is the universal Godhead, the expression of love in man.

Only a young man could have written this novel. At a false touch, it would crumble; but Mr. Sale rarely falters on his flying trapeze. Probably he will not care to repeat the flight, but this achievement among the storm-clouds gives confidence in what he could do on the ground.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Can You Read?

THE simplified version of the Declaration of Independence prepared by Professor Bryson of Teacher's College for the benefit of the "average man" may be unpleasant reading for those who hope that our one time willingness to overthrow any government we did not like, is safely buried in eighteenth century diction. But Professor Bryson's "Laboratory in Readability" which offers to rewrite "many deep tracts" in language adapted to the "eighth-grade" level of education which is all that the "average American" attains, is not proposing anything new. This is merely the familiar précis method used for generations in French schools and now common in our own, though a précis method thrown into reverse. The French boy or girl is drilled intensively in abstracting the essential meaning from specimens of literary composition. He is made to learn to understand what he reads. The "Laboratory in Readability," knowing well that adults are harder to teach than children, proposes, in characteristic American labor-saving fashion, to do the job in advance.

But lest these remarks be taken as critical of this enterprise, let us note that Professor Bryson's Bureau offers to systematize what every newspaper in the country, most magazines, and all orators have been busy with ever since manhood suffrage made it worth while to explain politics and economics to the "average" citizen. Every message of the President, every important speech, is now accompanied by a "step-down" into simpler, briefer language, which can be understood and will be read by the man in the street. One half of book reviewing consists of this same familiar process. It is probable that what the "average man" now knows of contemporary thinking is ninety-nine percent gained from précis writing adapted to his level of education and grasp upon vocabulary.

Unfortunately the temptation to oversimplify is great, and the temptation to make the Word say what you wish it to say is even greater. The spectacle of the anguished scientist smashing his instruments in futile rage while he reads what some reporter has made him state, is too common. Nor can the least experienced reader have failed to note the extraordinary differences between précis and précis of the same speech as they appear in, let us say, *The New York Times*, *The Herald-Tribune*, the Hearst press, and *The Daily News*.

Such irregularities this "Laboratory in Readability" proposes to correct at the source. It is not stated that they will offer their services to Lincoln Day or Congressional Investigation speakers, though that will doubtless come. But already it is reported that publishers are waiting with manuscripts to be revised into a language that is of the people, by the people, and for the people. In all seriousness, 75% of existing text-books, 60% of all books in science and government, 95% of books in psychology meant for general reading, and 100% of all documents of every kind written by lawyers in legal jargon, would immensely benefit by such a revision, even if some of them, for the sake of accuracy, had to be printed in parallel texts. May we add without discourtesy that no subject is in such need of adjustment to ordinary intelligences as the so-called science of education of which Teacher's College is itself a source and fount? The theory of education as it is expressed by its disciples is like an airplane that touches ground only at intervals, and then soars into the void.

But is not this whole endeavor, so praiseworthy in itself, a little oblique to the purposes of an educational institution? Is it well to put all the emphasis on a reverse direction? The process of stepping down, once begun, is hard to reverse. Hitler has stepped down the whole duty of the German into a few propositions of immense emotional appeal which show no signs of stepping up again toward rational thought. The popular press and the popular magazine alike have stepped down ideas into the realm of mere sensation and will keep them there as long as the result brings advertising. One might readily argue from the decreased sale of good books in proportion to the population that it is becoming an American trait to take everything at second hand—in a simplified vocabulary, in an emotionalized variety of thought, in predigested conclusions. If we owe it to our safety to see that what is said to the "average man" is said in words that he can understand, must we not equally conserve what civilization we have by trying harder to make him capable of understanding? For the college training of the last decade and the great pressure upon publishers who must sell in quantity or go out of business, are endangering the very life of the fully-thought-out, adequately-expressed book. Already text books are being revised and re-revised to bring their vocabularies down to the level, not so much of students as of ill-equipped teachers. Already histories, biographies, books of science are being rewritten in order to make them intelligible to readers who are too lazy-minded to pursue complicated trains of thought. As the punishment should always fit the crime, so the explanation should always fit the capabilities of the mind which receives it. But while many of us who are "average" are incapable of stretching our understanding beyond a point, and must be helped, we are all sinners, all, when it comes to mental effort. If there is to be a "Laboratory in Readability," let there at the same time be organized a countrywide movement to make schools and colleges teach those who are able to *really* read. The importance of this in a democracy, the devastating lack of that capacity among adult Americans whose intelligence test is high, and whose educational opportunities have been ample, can best be indicated by the need of splitting an infinitive in order to express the urgency of a situation which grows not better but worse.

The Old Lady in Brown The *Yale Literary Magazine* is celebrating its hundredth anniversary with contributions from such alumni as Sinclair Lewis, Stephen Benét, William Lyon Phelps, Archibald MacLeish, and Thornton Wilder. The Old Lady in Brown, as the *Lit* has been long and affectionately called, has been fortunate in her more recent graduates. For many decades a career in literature at Yale, as at many American colleges, led usually into the insurance business. Yet what better place to try one's first wings than in the college magazine, which provides the discipline of print without the harsh necessities of remuneration!

Ten Years Ago

Dorothy L. Sayers was working in London as an advertising copy writer (*vide:* "Murder Must Advertise") in 1926, at the time of her marriage to Captain Atherton Fleming. "Whose Body?" her first mystery, had been published in 1923, and in it she had introduced her now internationally known sleuth, Lord Peter Wimsey. "Clouds of Witnesses" appeared in 1927. And, during the intervening years, Miss Sayers has become an authority on the rules governing this highly specialized genre.

Today

Dorothy Sayers's latest, "Gaudy Night," is reviewed in this issue by Edith Hamilton, who writes that Lord Peter is presented "*playing a dual role, lover as well as detective.*" His leading lady is the Harriet Vane whom he first met in "Strong Poison" (1930). "Gaudy" is the Oxford word for class reunion.

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Letters to the Editor: *A Recollection of Santayana; Values in Literary Scholarship*

Colonel Santayana

SIR:—Did you know that George Santayana had a military career before he became a philosopher? Well, if my memory serves me reliably, he did have one. In the 70's and 80's, when the Civil War was still fresh in people's minds, there was a school regiment in Boston composed of some hundreds of boys from the Boston Latin School. The colonel of the regiment was always a boy from either the Boston or the English High, in alternate years.

In 1882 the colonel was George Santayana! I still remember with some vividness the culminating moment of the final exercises: Colonel Santayana standing motionless and majestical in the center of the military octangle. To him advances the quartermaster, salutes and announces, "Sir, the parade is formed." Colonel Santayana: "Take your post, sir."

I wonder if Colonel Santayana ever recalls that soul-stirring scene?

FRANCIS ROGERS.

New York City.

The Great Tom Fuller

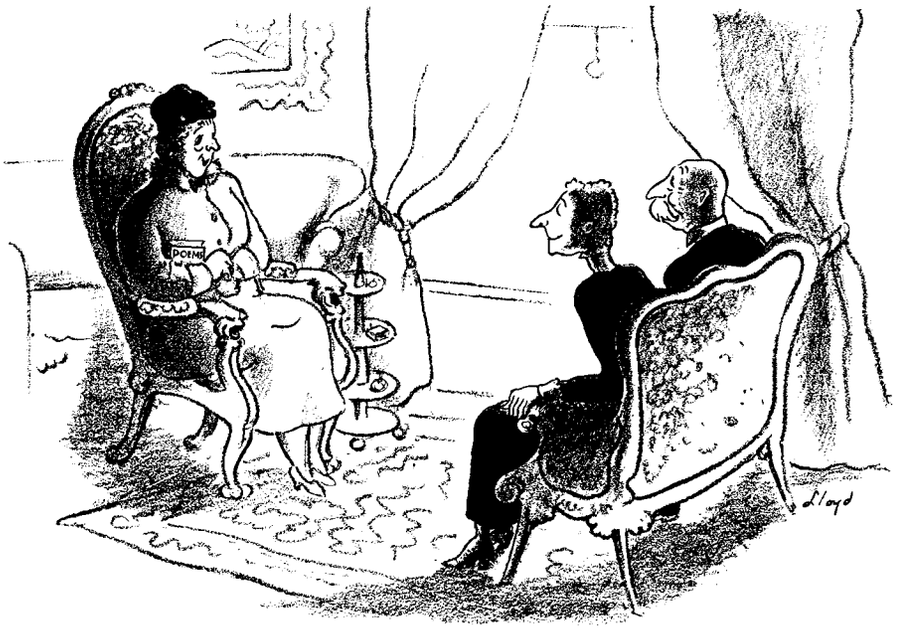
SIR:—Calling names is not criticism, and Mr. Theodore Spencer's abusive review in your columns of my biography "The Great Tom Fuller" rests upon a flimsy critical basis. His statement that I do not present Fuller in relation to his age is erroneous, as will be manifest to any one who reads the book attentively. To spare you a lengthy refutation, I did not intend to make my book a definitive biography, but a serviceable, brief, and adequate account of Fuller's life, and within this scope I have very sufficiently indicated, although not discussed at length, Fuller's relation to his age.

The only other statement in Mr. Spencer's article which is genuine criticism of the book as a whole propounds his thesis that the life of a literary man, if that life is neither dramatic nor unusual, is not worth writing unless it is supplemented by literary criticism of the subject's works. This is very questionable doctrine. Most of those who wish to read about Fuller's life are already familiar with the nature of his literary achievements. They are interested in the man as a man—in Fuller because he is Fuller, regardless of the degree of intrinsic interest in the events of his life. Of course the events of Fuller's life are not utterly lacking in drama or in other points of intrinsic interest, but even if they were, I personally should find an interest in them because I like Tom Fuller and all his works. I am confident that many others cherish a similar enthusiasm, and that they will wish to read a straightforward biography of the man, despite the fact that I do not combine a literary handbook with it. Other readers may want or require the kind of biography Mr. Spencer asks for, but it does not follow that my book therefore "amounts to almost nothing." This is palpable *non sequitur*. In fact—as Mr. Spencer admits that the book is painstaking and accurate, that I have investigated the proper sources, and that I have related the events of Fuller's life in proper sequence and proportion—one may say that since his objections to the book are on the one hand erroneous in fact and on the other highly questionable in theory, the book, for all Mr. Spencer was able to advance to the contrary, may well be a valuable, although modest, contribution to American scholarship.

Now I have called Mr. Spencer's review "abusive," and unfortunately the epithet may be proved well chosen by a *mere glance at the review itself*, which is disfigured only too prominently by five or six abusive—and merely abusive—remarks. These are applied directly to my book (with what slender excuse I have demonstrated) and indirectly, for good measure, to "dozens like it being turned out by university presses all over the country." Apparently it is Mr. Spencer against the university presses!

DEAN B. LYMAN.

Athens, W. Va.



"WE FEEL QUITE CLOSE TO EMILY DICKINSON, BECAUSE HORACE WENT TO AMHERST."

Mr. Spencer Replies

SIR:—Mr. Lyman's letter is a fair statement of his case, but I fear his attitude to literary scholarship is so different from mine that there is little hope of our coming to an agreement. If he can so interpret my remarks as to suppose that I wanted him to write a "literary handbook" on Fuller, then we are not using the same language, and all attempts at communication are futile.

I spoke strongly about Mr. Lyman's book because it represents a common tendency which I deplore. My objection rests on the fact that it is a product of—I repeat my "abusive" term—a barbarous sense of values. There is nothing in the mere facts of Fuller's life which justifies the amount of labor Mr. Lyman has spent in digging them out and relating them. Mr. Lyman suggests that Fuller's writings are well-known. I should disagree with him; on the contrary, an intelligent study of Fuller's work is badly needed. And when Mr. Lyman says that "most of those who wish to read about Fuller's life . . . are interested in the man as a man—in Fuller because he is Fuller," he is talking something that sounds like nonsense. Who are these antiquarian personality-mongerers? I trust they are not teachers of literature. The facts—I say it again—are of interest only in so far as they have a bearing on what Fuller wrote, and this bearing Mr. Lyman's book does not attempt to describe. His book is a clear illustration of what Professor Crane of Chicago has recently pointed out as a fault of American scholars: "we tend to dissipate our energy in detailed investigations directed to no visible larger ends."

Mr. Lyman says that my review is erroneous in fact. But if he will keep in mind the difference between his point of view and mine, I do not see how he can support this statement. For my review clearly suggests that Mr. Lyman gives an account of the "physical movements" of Fuller's time, and as I look up "Catholicism, Charles I, Charles II, etc." in Mr. Lyman's index, I would agree with him that these matters are discussed at some length. But they are not discussed in any true relation to Fuller's place in the history of seventeenth century thought and expression. If Mr. Lyman were writing about a present-day literary figure, it would not be enough to observe that he lived through the Hoover administration and heard arguments about the Townsend plan; we would want to know how such things affected his thought, his emotions, his literary subject matter.

THEODORE SPENCER.

Cambridge, Mass.

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The Imperialistic Urge

THE DIPLOMACY OF IMPERIALISM, 1890-1902. By William L. Langer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. 2 vols. $7.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES SEYMOUR

THE world suffers generally from an ignorance of the history of the day before yesterday. It is long enough ago to escape the accurate memory of most contemporaries and yet not far enough removed to have acquired the dignity of "historical perspective," without which scholars are apt to believe essential truth cannot be attained. In the case of our own generation the history of the nineties in Europe is of peculiar importance, since it provides the background of the diplomatic system which went bankrupt in 1914 and to which many of our present international woes have been attributed. The period has been covered by Professor Fay in his masterly synthesis, "The Origins of the World War," the general conclusions of which are universally accepted in the world of historical scholarship. There was need, however, of a more detailed work, especially in view of the appearance of fresh source material, and historians will be profoundly grateful for the rapid progress of Professor Langer's careful and comprehensive studies. In his preceding volume, "European Alliances and Alignments, 1871-1890," he dealt with the Bismarckian system. In the two volumes now appearing he carries his narrative up to the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese alliance of 1902.

The decade of the nineties lacks the unity which the presiding diplomatic genius of Bismarck gave to the preceding twenty years. The fall of the great chancellor and the rupture of the line from Berlin to St. Petersburg restored to France and Russia a freedom of action which disturbed the relative stability of the international system. "Everything and everybody seems to be at odds, and the historian finds himself confronted at every turn by almost insuperable problems of presentation." On the continent something like a diplomatic deadlock resulted from the creation of the Franco-Russian alliance which ended the hegemony of Germany; national alignments and policies were uncertain and the conditions which ultimately crystallized in the opposing camps of Triple Alliance and Triple Entente had not yet developed. The *leit-motiv* of the decade Professor Langer finds not in strictly continental diplomacy but in the violent activity with which the European nations pressed their extra-European interests.

These two volumes are thus constructed around the imperialistic urge, the struggle for control of over-seas markets, the "criss-crossing of colonial aspirations," the jealous search for acquisition or protection of national prestige in the world at large, and the reaction of these factors and the antagonisms created by them upon diplomatic relations in Europe. With such a centralizing theme the author finds a sort of unity in a period of extreme diplomatic complexity. He sets his European background in the three opening chapters by an account of the development of the Franco-Russian alliance and an exposition of the factors that gave to British policy its imperialistic character. Following a scheme of presentation which is basically chronological, he traces in turn the impact upon Europe of the struggle for the Nile, the Armenian question, the Chinese-Japanese war, South African questions, the reconquest of the Sudan, Macedonia, and the Greek-Turkish war, the Far Eastern question after the Treaty of Shimonoseki. In his second volume, after a brief but entirely adequate consideration of the development of world policy and navalism in Germany, the topical sequence alternates between the Far East and Africa, pauses upon the First Hague Conference and peace dreams, passes from Fashoda to the Anglo-Boer struggle in South Africa, and by way of the Bagdad Railway project back to the Far East and the Boxer rising. The volume concludes with chapters upon the Anglo-German discussions of alliance and the final negotiation of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty.

WILLIAM L. LANGER

Author of "The Diplomacy of Imperialism" and editor of "The Rise of Modern Europe" (see page 11).

Professor Langer finds in the study of British policy the key to the comprehension of the confused diplomacy that surrounded the problems he surveys. The creation of the Franco-Russian alliance had revived the balance of power on the Continent which neither the one side nor the other could upset without British assistance. Great Britain, moreover, played the most important role in the field of colonial imperialism. "She had the empire which the others coveted. They met her at every turn and found her everywhere blocking the road." Thus as between Triple Alliance and Dual Alliance the British Empire formed what amounted to a third grouping. The great question of the last years of the century was whether British imperial power, resting upon her command of the seas, would be brought to the assistance of one or other of the continental groups or whether they would themselves join to annihilate Great Britain. In this situation the British found it impossible to stand aside from European affairs. Successive attempts were made first to return to the old close connection with the Triple Alliance and then to reach a reconciliation with France, attempts which in the latter instance broke down over the Egyptian question. It was, however, an understanding with Russia that was most ardently desired by the British Foreign Office. This could not be attained, for previous to the defeat by Japan Russia felt she could secure all she wanted without British assistance and she was not threatened by British sea-power. Thus Great Britain remained isolated although not from choice, until as a *pis aller* she took on the alliance with Japan and ultimately, through the later entente with France, completed the understanding with Russia. That she passed safely through the period, Professor Langer attributes in part to the difficulties which the continental nations found in striking her in any matter of vital interest, but chiefly because the British maintained their command of the seas.

This period was one in which, according to the author, "the basic problem of international relations was who should cut up the victims." It is obviously a process the results of which should be carefully considered by statesmen of today. These two volumes ought to be on the desk of every foreign office. They are based upon meticulous study of first-hand sources, written not to expound a theory but to illuminate the facts, and their conclusions while definite are carefully balanced. The critical scholarship of the author is matched by his capacity for lucid exposition, and his control of detail by a power of synthesis which is reminiscent of the best of the French historians.

Charles Seymour, professor of history at Yale, was a member of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, and a delegate to the Peace Conference at Paris.

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The Beginnings of Modern Europe

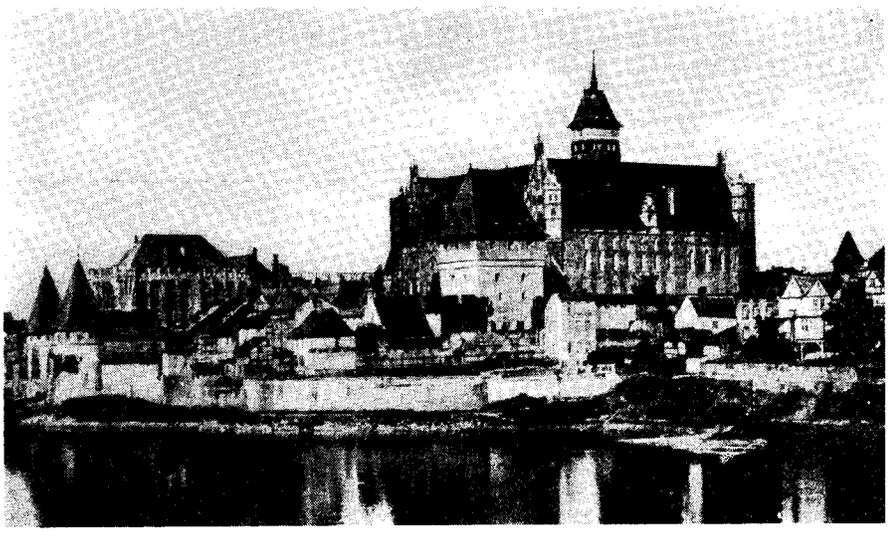
THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA. By Edward P. Cheney. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1936. $3.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE new historical series, "the Rise of Modern Europe," promises to be one of the happiest efforts of coöperative scholarship in the United States. The emphasis on the European rather than the nationalistic aspects of modern history, the relatively extended treatment of social, economic, and intellectual developments, and the assignment of each volume to a single specialist, thus insuring a unified treatment of the period in hand, are all matters for congratulation. And since all the volumes except this, the first, cover reasonably brief periods, diminishing from sixty years (1453-1516) in the second volume to five (1914-1919) in the nineteenth, the reader may hope for competent guidance from the responsible expert through the mazes of modern scholarship. But the plan called for an introductory volume to span two whole centuries (1250-1453). For such a task we may be grateful that Professor Cheney's pen was engaged.

It is interesting to compare the resulting book with a standby like Lodge's "Close of the Middle Ages," republished in 1924, which covers the same period in the same space. The older book is a serried mass of facts about battles, treaties, councils, an admirable cram book against college examinations, hopeless to try to read; the new one sweeps back and forth across geography and chronology in ten brilliant and stimulating essays tracing the quickening of European energies as manifested in the increase of wealth and trade, the rise of the middle class, the unrest of the proletariat, the wars of the new monarchies, the stir of heresy, the new literatures, humanism, and the growing consciousness of a greater world beyond the bounds of Europe. By this method the reader gets a new sense of the interrelatedness of events and a thrilling perspective of history, yet the proportions permit—even facilitate—vivid sketches of a merchant prince, a medieval army, a mob of peasants, of Marco Polo, Joan of Arc, Dante, so that the general comes alive in the concrete, just as the concrete facts, as, for instance, of the simultaneous rise of parliaments in Spain, England, France, and Germany, are, when bound together in a single chapter, illuminated by skilful generalization. But this book is more than a mere set of generalizations offering an attractive introduction to the more detailed studies to follow. Its frequent suggestiveness, its solid documentation, its useful critical bibliography will make it not less valuable to the advanced student than its sequels.

If there is anything to regret it is the absence of a chapter on the technological advances of the period. Modern Europe began with the development of new techniques and the striking improvement of old ones: in navigation and ship building, in mining and metallurgy, in manufacture and some branches of agriculture, in the use of machines such as windmills and clocks. In Marco Polo's day Europe was perhaps behind rather than ahead of civilized Asia in its general technological development; when the Portuguese reached India this was no longer so. That decisive technological superiority which within two more centuries was to make the European the master of the globe, was established by 1500. A growing literature is being devoted to this subject but it has made little impression so far on text book history. It took historians a long time to realize that the basis of intelligible history is economics; one hopes that it will not take them as long to see that the key to most economics is technology.



THE MARIENBURG, CASTLE OF THE TEUTONIC KNIGHTS
From "The Dawn of a New Era."

Proud Intensity

INHALE AND EXHALE. By William Saroyan. New York: Random House. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

READING Saroyan, we have the sense of having known this proud intensity once before. There is a literary shade hovering, smiling, and nodding over this impetuous writer of the twentieth century. Then we remember that other young man who awoke, a hundred and twenty-five years ago, to find himself a literary lion. We place their work together, so unlike in form, so alike in spirit, and see how they match flash for flash, fury for fury. Byron, like Saroyan, wrote in response to the necessities of his experience. He was the most subjective writer of his day, as Saroyan is of his. He, also, cared less for writing as an art, and more for it as a triumphant self-assertion. He, also, never invented but observed, and most of all observed himself. He poured his sorrows, his revolts, his travels, into his poems as Saroyan does into his stories. Read "Inhale and Exhale" as a unit, and you will discover it to be a bold, declamatory commentary on life, today's "Childe Harold." Rich veins of meditation contrast with bursts of eloquence upon the deathless spirit of man, giving way again to a bitter, lashing anger that flails hypocrisy. Yes, Byronic is the word for Saroyan.

Such parallels as these are illuminating as points of departure, but we must remember when to depart. Byron, rebel though he was, was yet child of a century that valued forms, and knew how to cast his ambitions and despairs in the smooth stanzas, sestets, octaves of his day. Saroyan comes upon a literary scene already characterized by its heresies against form, and declares his nihilism in no uncertain terms. He writes no stories with the plot neatly laid out and the end tucked comfortably in. This book, as well as his first, is as close to the naked stream of existence as writing can come, unless it turn to music. Not stories, but jagged, gleaming fragments of a whole too large to be seen, star-dust, out of the suggestive sky-photograph upon the book's wrapper. Remembered moments, remembered feelings, echoes of events and the shadows they cast, a boy selling papers, a youth hating poverty, a man pursuing his luck, hating the world, loving it, cursing it for its stupidity and its beauty—all in inexhaustible variation on his great theme, "pain, which is part of the delight and agony of living." Thomas Wolfe has been struggling to crowd that delight and agony into his gargantuan novel. Saroyan will accept not even that most flexible of forms, but must pour out his speech in a vital flood that no form will hold. Not stories, not sketches, not essays, but the living thoughts of a man

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who wants to live and think as though these had never been done before.

Naturally it is not all triumph and clarity. When a man sets out to put down everything he thinks about everything he sees, he is going to give us, with an air of revelation, a great deal we have long ago set aside as granted. And when he writes at the headlong pace he does, with an apparent disinclination to discard or rewrite one precious word, he is going to produce a large proportion of chaff, stuff he ought not to have reprinted in so definitive a volume. Saroyan likes to settle such large matters as travel, war, communism, with a swift, clever lunge, and then to pass on. He ought to look back more often, to see if he has made a hit. He has heard these things before, and probably will care very little to hear them again. But one criticism he has answered decisively. He can write about something beside himself. There are in this volume a dozen expressions of his large sympathies with mankind, a dozen understanding tales of other people, a dozen penetrating sketches of other cities and folk. Growth is in this book, and maturity, and talents of which we have seen only the tapping.

Argentine Intrigue

DOCTOR MORATH. By Max René Hesse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL NOCK

UNUSUALLY capable, upright, idealistic, but at the same time inexperienced in the ways of any world, Jakob Morath came from Germany to the German hospital in Buenos Aires. There he found graft, incompetence, jealousy, and above all politics—politics that did not shun actual murder to gain desired ends. He found, also, in one way or another connected with the hospital, the strange and not agreeable world of the German colony in Buenos Aires, with its associates and friends.

How Dr. Morath lived his life in this dangerous and debilitating atmosphere; how, despite the intrigues of jealous colleagues, he attained deserved success in his profession; and how, above all, he made himself a person to be reckoned with in the German community, without for a moment adopting a way of life at variance with his convictions—this career makes a fascinating story, ending in gratifying romantic fashion. Not only is "Doctor Morath" a good narrative: the book is full of vivid characters, appealing and distressing, but always human. Furthermore, their conversation is good.

The social scene in Buenos Aires, the way of life of these people, the ambitions and dreams of some of them—these form the background for a good story, well told. Edward Crankshaw has put the novel into suitable, attractive English.

English Novelists and London Life

FAITH, HOPE, AND NO CHARITY. By Margaret Lane. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

NOBODY is more excessively charitable than a successful English novelist turned critic: but when Mr. James Hilton says across the jacket of this book that "Miss Lane has beautifully depicted the kindness, decency, bravery, and modesty of the cockney," most of us would be willing to take him at his word. We would even go further. Have we not been waiting for a good novel about the London slums—a novel which would throw some sudden light upon those fantastical, overpopulated wastes of brick and grime? And, adding Miss Lane's title to the enthusiasm of Mr. Hilton, might we not expect that "Faith, Hope, and No Charity" would be the one?

We shall be disappointed in this expectation; and the reasons for our disappointment are very interesting; indeed, since Miss Lane's novel is undoubtedly in the first rank of contemporary English fiction, it is scarcely too much to say that the whole trend of the modern English novel is to be discovered in them.

For if you look back over the post-war years, you cannot resist the conclusion that the English have absorbed the shock of these years in life, and that the Americans have absorbed them in literature. The English have managed to live them down, and the Americans have managed to write them up. And while the contemporary English novel, even in its most impassioned or agitated moments, has a kind of serenity, the contemporary American novel is constantly and untidily astir. The American novel observes human nature, not face to face, but in the shifting and distorting and problematical mirrors of religion, politics, economics, and sex. It incarnates its problems.

Miss Lane however, like all English novelists, is concerned with fundamental human qualities; and, like all English novelists, she seems unwilling to admit that these qualities would shine the brighter for a good social scouring. Whether consciously or unconsciously, she wants life to go on as it is; and even in these dissolving times thinks that prophecy and criticism have no place in fiction. One of her two chief characters is Ada, a girl raised in Whitechapel and poverty; and you would rather expect that, in this day and age, some new vision would burn the portrait of this girl and her surroundings into our minds like acid. But not at all. Ada and Miss Lane are quite resigned to Ada's lot; nothing good has happened in her past, nothing good will happen in her future. This was the position taken up by the generality

MARGARET LANE

of Victorian and Edwardian novelists; in their hands, as in Miss Lane's, the Ada type is infinitely pathetic. It is also unchanging.

It is on Charlotte, her other chief character, that Miss Lane lavishes most of her feeling. Charlotte is Ada's employer. And, like Ada, she has not changed since the days of the Victorian and Edwardian novelist. She is the girl who escapes from a middle class family in order to go on the stage: only, this being 1935, the stage has become the ballet, and Charlotte's love life has become frankly promiscuous. Otherwise her position is the same; she yearns for the comforts of a solid marriage, and her tragedy is that she is unable to get them.

Ada marries an unemployed young consumptive; enjoys for a brief while that warmth for which you do not have to pay; is suddenly widowed; and leaves the book, apparently resigned to work for Charlotte as long as Charlotte wants her. Charlotte, on the other hand, is permitted all the ecstasies of passion and misery; and, her hopes of a safe marriage dashed to the ground, takes her leave of us in a most tragical manner. The old balance has not been disturbed. Charlotte, in her author's opinion, is a superior type, and deserves a superior treatment.

If only Miss Lane could proclaim a future for the Adas and a past for the Charlottes! For she is a really distinguished writer. We must certainly add her to that constellation of contemporary English novelists who practise the art with more precision than it is practised here; whose novels reweave, with subtle variety, a familiar design; who frequently delight us with the reiteration of something old, but show no signs of surprising us with the discovery of something new; and who, in fact, have every possibility except that of greatness.

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The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

Translations from the Chinese

Cold Turkey

ONCE upon a time, said the Old Mandarin,
Political speeches were limited
To a few thousand simpletons in a hall
Exhilarated by crowd contagion.

But now, sitting at home in cool judgement
Yourself can hear on the radio
Their poverty of intellect,
Their richness of mispronunciation.
I am actually embarrassed for them
Hearing their crisscross of stale quotation,
Their comic argument,
Their gobboon catchwords.

O candidates, be advised:
People are listening.

Whose Ear is Bored

I smile as I hear them reproach each other
For not living up to platforms and pledges,
As though anyone (but the Other Party)
Ever took a political platform seriously.
The very word means platitude, showmanship, artifice.

Even Jehovah, fortunately,
Never lived up to his savage platform
Communicated on Mount Sinai
And warned old Moses to look out
For "the servant whose ear is bored"
(See Exodus, XXI.)

A platform (like a pulpit) is something to talk on.
Nobody lives there.

Refuted

Gossip said of Lady Curlynostril,
She drinks too much.
But when she invited me
To take wine in her boudoir
I noticed her corkscrew was rusty.

Footnote for an Advertisement

Martini & Rossi, or their local importers,
Show in an advertisement
A picture of a gentleman in a fez
Considering a beaker of Vermouth.
"Mohammedan photographed in Bombay,"
Says the caption.
But if really a Moslem
He was only looking.

According to the scriptures of Islam
He who drinks alcohol
"Will broil on the great fire."
Messrs Martini & Rossi,
Reading their Koran,
Have been misled by the word *jinn*
Which means a different kind
Of spirits.

Ceiling Zero

The ceiling of your Thinking-Room, O. M.,
Bulges with crack and sag—
It will soon come down on your head.

Aye, said the Old Mandarin:
My ambitious daughter, Lady Quicksilver,
Does tap-dancing in the chamber above
Whenever she feels a small private merriment
Or gets good marks
In her lessons.
If she wins her Imperial Scholarship
I shall be whelmed in plaster.

So does each new generation
Saltarello on the ceiling
Of its apprehensive and dubitating sires
But I rejoice they have something
To dance about.

February Filldyke

Snow is beautiful
But there can be too much of it
And the ancient Chinese poets
Who praised it in crystal verses
Never had to drive a car
On icy roads.
But still, enduringly romantic
I maintain that snow
Makes brick steps wonderfully pink
When you sweep them.

Suggestion for Ladies

The sign in the subway said: *Be Considerate,*
Cover Up Your Sneeze;
But changed by the pencil of some kidder it
Substituted *Knees.*

Denouement

By old stage superstition
The tag or curtain line of the play
Is never spoken at rehearsal.
There may be some analogy there
That applies to ourselves.

Too Late

Certainly, cried the book agent,
You must have these four volumes
Of the world's greatest Encyclopedia of Sex
3000 pages in a wooden box
And bound in gold and scarlet.

The autumn colors? said the Old Mandarin.
No, I don't like your symbolism:
I'm too close to a wooden box myself.
It's too late for me
To learn about these things
From books.

And once again, he added, I implore
Your solemnly annotating sexologists
(Who may have lost much joy
By being too laboratory about it)
To make up their minds
How to spell Krafft-Ebing
Which not even the eminent Santayana
Can get right.

National Emblem

If there were no such thing
As a can-opener
Most of us
Would starve to death.

Narcissism

Spaniels make me think of Mrs. Browning;
So did they Mrs. Browning.
Did Robert ever tell his Portuguese
How like they were?
Same solemn eyes of saccharine despond
And ears that hang like ringlets.

Rx for Insomnia

Mrs. Browning, incidentally,
Wrote, in *Aurora Leigh*, an excellent
Advertisement for Book Clubs.
Fortunately near the forward end
Of that too solemn work
Or else I'd never find it.
It was old surly Fitz who had the gumption
(While all the world was frothing with acclaim)

Arnold Genthe
DR. S. I. HSIUNG, AUTHOR OF "LADY PRECIOUS STREAM."

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To say "No more Aurora Leighs, thank God."

And also it was Ba, high-minded dame,
First used the phrase "My public" as a jest.
But if you ever need a soporific
Have someone read *Aurora Leigh*, aloud.

Abstract of Title

Full of circumstance and savory detail
Were the titles used by elderly poets.
Why does no one now
Write poems such as these:—
Hymn Before Sunrise in the Canal Street Subway Station;
Ode on Intimations of Unpunctuality
From Recollections of the Long Island Railroad;
Sonnet: On the Overdrawing of My Account
At the Williamsburg Branch
Of the Prune Exchange Bank;
Lines Composed Several Hundred Feet Above 34th Street
On Revisiting the 88th Floor of the Empire State Building
Where I Once Attended a Cocktail Party;
Or
A Palindrome on Being Cut Off
While Telephoning BRyant 9-0896
To Renew My Subscription
To the Saturday Review.

Too Busy

Have you noticed, by the way,
Women don't have boudoirs any more.
Boudoir means a room to sulk in
And what woman nowadays
Has time to sulk?
They're either minding the baby
Or out looking for a job.

Thin Air

Most people read poetry
As our wirehaired terrior snaps a soap-bubble:
An empty gulp,
A frail vapory sparkle on her nose
Not even wondering
Where it went.

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York

Retreat from Utopia

(*Continued from page 4*)

with the dogged and silent practicality that always characterized his mundane life, testing the rum that was sent to the Guinea Coast,—for he meant to see that the darkies had good, strong rum,—while the poet slept within him. Three years of an outward stupefaction, years in which the shipmaster's son, who might have quelled a mutiny, obliged his incompetent staff to toe the mark. In the evenings, he read De Quincey with his wife. What music, what perfection of style in the less laborious passages! How could Hawthorne talk to these Salem people? Why should he talk, indeed, when the presence of an uncongenial person caused an almost physical contraction of his great masculine frame?

At the end of the three years, he moved to Lenox. He had written "The Scarlet Letter" in Salem, the book that had won his freedom; for under his mask of insensibility the poet had been alive and brooding there. In this winter of his discontent, he had also written a few fables and sketches, worthy of one whose first American forebear had brought from England with him a copy of Sidney's "Arcadia." The tone of "Main Street" and "The Great Stone Face," like that of "The Snow-Image," was of a dove-like innocence that often cloaked the wisdom of the serpent. No one else in New England had written such stories, or only one man, William Austin, the Boston lawyer, Dr. Channing's classmate. This well-known Harvard scholar and legislator, who had studied law in London, where he had known Washington Allston and written the "Letters from London," which all the American lawyers read because they contained such good descriptions of the British lawyers and statesmen, had published a handful of tales in the eighteen-twenties that were almost prophetic of Hawthorne. In "Martha Gardner," Austin, a Democrat and a radical, had scarified the modern corporations that fed on the miseries of the poor. Better than this was "The Man with the Cloaks," based on a German fairy-tale. The best was "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man." Austin had a robust, Rabelaisian humor that ran to the gigantesque, as in the story of the hungry teacher who wandered about the country drinking all the cows dry and cutting steaks out of the living oxen. "Peter Rugg" was a great invention, or one of those bold formulations of ancient inventions, the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew, which, like "Rip van Winkle" and "Peter Schlemihl," come to the same thing. This tale of the man who disappeared from Boston and was constantly seen on the roads for fifty years, desperately whipping his horse, trying to find his way back, had all the overtones of the true folk-legend, the haunting suggestions of a symbolism that is always lending itself to some new turn

(*Continued on page 16*)

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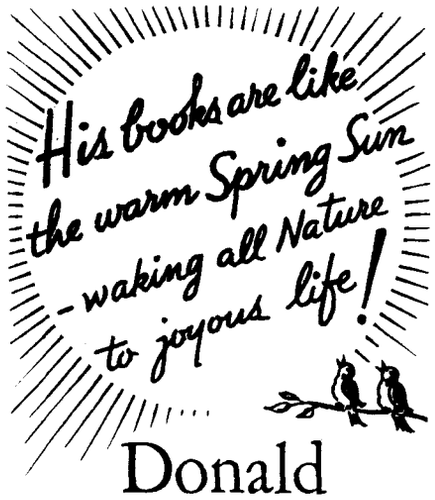

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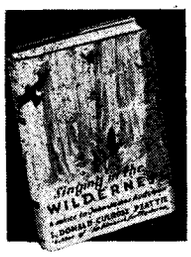

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Retreat from Utopia

(*Continued from page* 14)

of affairs. There were many Peter Ruggs, in days to come, trying to find their way back to Boston, the good old Boston of 1820; and the story was retold by later writers as if it had been a popular myth. The ambiguous atmosphere of the tale, the mingling of the dubious and the real, the play of light and shadow suggested Hawthorne. So did the old New England setting and costumes. Hawthorne was familiar with it. Peter Rugg appeared in one of his own tales. He was the door-keeper in "A Virtuoso's Collection."

At Lenox, the air was scented with sweet-grass and clover; and there, in the little red cottage on the lonely farm, Hawthorne had his year of wonders. There he wrote "The House of the Seven Gables" and planned "The Blithedale Romance"; and, while his wife made tracings of Flaxman's outlines on the dull-yellow painted chairs and tables, he told the children stories that explained the drawings, "The Wonder Book," "The Tanglewood Tales." Tanglewood, as the children called it, was a wild spot in the woods nearby where they all went for picnics in the summer and autumn. Hawthorne played the magician there. He was a great tree-climber, up in a flash to the topmost bough showering nuts all over the floor of the forest. From old door-knobs and strips of shingle, he carved little yachts and figures, a pugilist who swung his arms in the wind. In winter, he made images of snow. The image in the tale he wrote was singularly like a man of genius, a moral that he neglected to point. The father of the children who made the image, a man of common sense and kind intentions, wished to make the image comfortable, even in spite of itself. He carried it into the warm room, where it rapidly melted away beside the fire. Alas, for the poor snow-image that loved the cold, the frosty air, the north wind! The children had known very well it could only live under the stars that glimmered in the arctic night.

Hawthorne had become a father-confessor. Letters poured in upon him from unhappy souls who had been touched by his books. Secret criminals sought him out and came to him for counsel and relief. Most of his Berkshire neighbors were less exacting. Miss Sedgwick, the ageing novelist, lived at Lenox. At Mrs. Sedgwick's school, Harriet Hosmer, the merry little gnome, the sculptor of the future, was one of the pupils. Hawthorne was to meet her again in Rome; still later, he described her in "The Marble Faun." The Sedgwicks pervaded the Berkshires. Even the grasshoppers chirped, "Sedgwick, Sedgwick!," as one of their friends remarked; and Mrs. Sedgwick said, with a measure of truth, "*En France tout arrive.*" Everything happened at Lenox, and everyone came there. Close by lived the lovely Fanny Kemble, whose Shakespeare readings in Boston were events of the forties and who also appeared in one of Hawthorne's novels. Samuel Gray Ward had another villa. This dearest of Longfellow's friends, the correspondent of Emerson, the well-known banker in New York, had taken his degree at Tübingen. He had gone to California for a while and had learned so many Indian languages there that he had acted as an interpreter between the chiefs of various tribes who could not understand one another. He had translated a volume of Goethe's essays and had written a paper on Boccaccio that was one of the best in *The Dial*. His admirable essay on criticism, in Elizabeth Peabody's "Aesthetic Papers," contained two phrases, "creative criticism" and "significant form," that other men in later generations were to render more than familiar. Ward had bought Lafayette's library at La Grange and had paid for the publication of the poems of his old friend and schoolmate Ellery Channing. At Pittsfield, which had once been Wendellboro, named after his forbears, Oliver Wendell Holmes spent his summers. There he planted seven hundred trees and built himself a snug little villa on a knoll of the old Wendell farm; and there he wrote his best bucolic poems, "The Ploughman," for one, for he liked to play his part at the Berkshire agricultural fairs. At Broadhall, the old Melville house, where Major Thomas Melville had lived,—Holmes's "Last Leaf,"—Longfellow spent a summer, with Ex-President Tyler and Charles Sumner, for it was now a boarding-house. Major Melville's grandson, Herman Melville, was living at Arrowhead, on the outskirts of Pittsfield. Melville was composing "Moby Dick" and the great white whale was in his flurry. He was attracted to Hawthorne and wrote an essay on his books, and he often drove up to the little red cottage, with his big Newfoundland dog in the buckboard beside him. He told tales about the South Seas that were more exciting than Dana's. Once, describing a fight there, he laid about him as if with a club. It was so real to the Hawthornes that when he had gone they all asked, "What became of the club?"—which Melville had neither left nor taken with him. Melville and Hawthorne liked to lie in the barn, on piles of new-mown hay, discussing time and eternity.

Not far away, at Northampton, where Bancroft, at the Round Hill School, had taught Ward, Motley, and Ellery Channing, another writer had spent his childhood, the Hawthornesque novelist, Sylvester Judd. This hypersensitive, humble, shrinking soul, a Unitarian minister at Augusta, Maine, bred in the rigors of Calvinism, had passed through the Transcendental movement. His doubts and ecstasies had deranged his nerves. As a student of theology in Cambridge, he had been stirred by Goethe and Carlyle. He wished to destroy the barriers of the sects and exhibit the errors of false theology, war, capital punishment, the prison sys-

(*Continued on page* 18)

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The record of a vanished era that left its mark on all of us...

ALMA MATER

THE GOTHIC AGE OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE

BY

Henry Seidel Canby

author of THE AGE OF CONFIDENCE

THE men who went to college at the turn of the century are now in charge of this country. Their codes, ideals, manners, and designs for living imposed on so many of us, were born and bred on the college campus at a time when the new architecture was stepping it back to an imitation middle ages. What effect this Tudor atmosphere had on the minds and spirits of the young romantic barbarians who walked the college towns of the Gothic age . . . and what it did to the teachers and their wives, the alumni, and the college *widows*, has long remained an untold story in American education.

Henry Seidel Canby, a real son of alma mater, has here set down his matured impressions of this Gothic age of the American college. His has been the slowly shifting perspective of the student, the graduate, the teacher, and the critic looking back from the world outside. And having seen life at college from every point of view, he writes of it now with penetrating criticism, but also with that gently-humored affection which mellows the remembrance of things past.

In this critical memoir of a long college experience in a time of change, Dr. Canby shows us, among other things, why professors' wives were dowdy, what their husbands *really* thought about, how college widows came to be, how the character of the students was strangely moulded by the great teachers of the past generation, why scholarship so often was arid and what influences of yesterday have conditioned the ruling class of today.

"The college I write of was more than an institution," he says in his preface, "it was a community with a vital life of its own, a state within the state . . . And just as the typical American of the nineties was a small-town man, so the dominant American type of our thirties is college bred. He chiefly, but also she, has been conditioned by the unique circumstances of a curious society, part training-ground for a ruthless competition, part cloister, part romance. There has never been anything quite like the American college of the turn of the twentieth century, never any institution more confused in its purposes, more vital, more mixed in its ideals, more loved. It is the theme of this book, which is a personal record of what it was, what it did to us, what powerful hands it laid upon the United States of our generations. Of course, not all of America went to college, by no means necessarily the best of America went to college. Nevertheless, if it had not been for the conflict between college life and so-called college education, if the college had been differently adjusted to the economic, the intellectual, and most of all to the emotional growth of the country, then I believe that we should have been today another nation, perhaps better, perhaps worse, certainly different."

If you have ever gone to college, or are married to some one who has, you will enjoy this portrait of the old college in its great days . . . a record of what it was that made us what we are. With 6 full page illustrations by *Charles W. Smith*. Over 272 pages.

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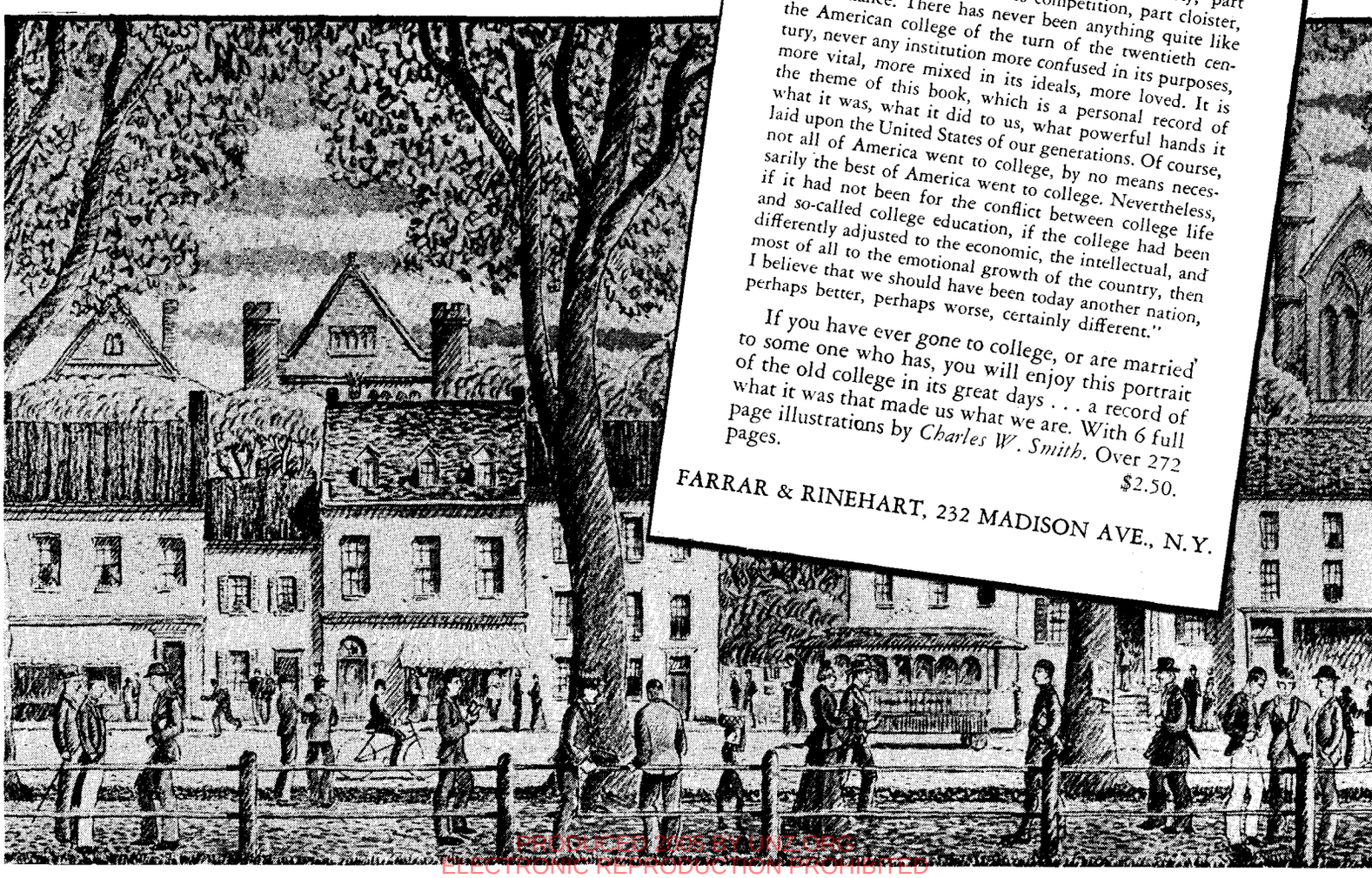

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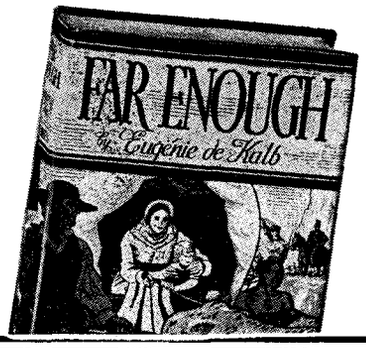

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Retreat from Utopia

(*Continued from page 16*)

tem. His "Margaret" was a Utopian romance, the story of the daughter of a German musician, brought up in an old New England village who ends by transforming the village into a Mons Christi, with fountains like those of the Tuileries, belvederes and gardens, music rooms, observatories, halls of art, where the barren lands bloom with rye and corn, and statues of Peace and Truth and marble muses line the Delectable Way, where industry, economy, and love, simple fare, and attractive toil create an earthly paradise and men of all nations meet as brothers. This Fourieristic fantasy, more than a little drawn from "Wilhelm Meister," with a heroine often suggestive of Mignon, was quite in the Brook Farm spirit. It symbolized the feeling for art that was dawning in New England, the messianic socialism, the inspiration of German studies; and Judd's poem, "Philo," a metaphysical epic, found readers who believed it would convert the world. "Margaret" was obscure and confused, but many pages and even chapters were vividly picturesque and charmingly written. Judd had studied New England. He had filled his notebooks with observations of old houses, costumes, and village ways, the talk of the farmers, the husking-bees, Thanksgiving, the pedlars and hawkers of ballads at country fairs. His best scenes were as good as the best of Hawthorne. There was a touch of ecstasy in some of his descriptions, the thunder-storm, the winter scenes, the snow-storms, the sunny clearing in the summer forest, the coming of the flowers in spring, the horse-tails with their storied ruffs, the fleecy mouse-ear buds, the straw-colored blossoms of the bellwort, the little polypods with their feathery fronds and the young mulleins, velvety, white, and tender.

These were the scenes that Hawthorne knew at Lenox. Never quite at home away from the seashore, he still had hours there, on summer evenings, when he felt as if he could climb the sky and run a race along the Milky Way. Free at last after the leaden years he had spent at the Salem custom-house, his mind was at its fullest flood. His bones were astir, even to the marrow. Salem, the ancient sea-port of his boyhood, never loved by him, shunned indeed, and yet his own so deeply, seen afresh after his life at the Manse, which had given him a standard and a measure, Salem, dust of his own dust, and with it the Boston of Puritan times, pressed against and filled his consciousness. The scarlet letter A that had haunted his mind ever since he had written the "Twice-Told Tales," the witch, whisked up the chimney on a broomstick and flying away to a devil's communion far in the depths of the dark, still forest, the old colonial governors, the ruffed physicians, the ministers godly and of ungodly fame, the women not to be repressed, the inquisitorial deacons, the elfin children of that Gothic world, prolonged from the Middle Ages, the Boston he had imagined, the Salem he had known, the queer gabled houses and the queerer people, the cobwebs visible and invisible, cobwebs of family pride and secret fraud, bloodstains telling tales and beams of innocent sunlight piercing through: all this had waited for the dam to break, for the moment of leisure and freedom, for his dismissal from the custom-house, another of those politicians' tricks,—a score that he could repay by picturing his enemy in Judge Pyncheon, —to be written out at his desk with the secret drawers, the haunted writing-desk with the tiny panels. He had painted these little panels with impish faces, staring and smiling, while he sat in his purple writing-gown, covered with golden palm-leaves. The dam had burst, in Salem, with "The Scarlet Letter." The overflow was "The House with the Seven Gables."

Years before, in Hawthorne's youth, in Salem, when he had written his tales in the little chamber, there had always seemed to be a driving snowstorm on the other side of the casement, or a cloud of dust in summer, a film, a veil. When he had stood at the window, on Sunday mornings, studying the church across the way, watching the sunlight stealing down the steeple, he had always stood behind the curtain. To see the world with a sidelong glance, "by a certain indirection," was second nature with him; and this was the mood his romances conveyed, as if, in spite of all their air of daylight, he had never looked straight at Boston or Salem, as if he had always seen them over his shoulder. It was this that gave him his effect of magic and made these beautiful books, with their antique diction, something other than novels and, if not greater, more intimate in their spell than novels can be. They clung to the mind like music, like Glück's mournful strains of the land of shades or the solemn joy of Mozart. Or, better still, like masques written for music in the far-off days in England of which one caught the dim reverberations in the scene of "The Scarlet Letter." Round about the players in the greenwood, one felt and saw the encircling darkness gather. The deepest shade covered "The Scarlet Letter." But the flickering play of the sun and leaves set the note of "The House of the Seven Gables." The story moved in a soft September light, melting like a happy dream of Shakespeare.

Van Wyck Brooks was an associate editor of the old Freeman *and is one of the foremost critics of the country. His "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" was the forerunner of the re-estimates of American authors so general in the last few years. The essay printed above is to constitute a chapter in his forthcoming book, "The Flowering of New England," to be published in July by E. P. Dutton & Co.*

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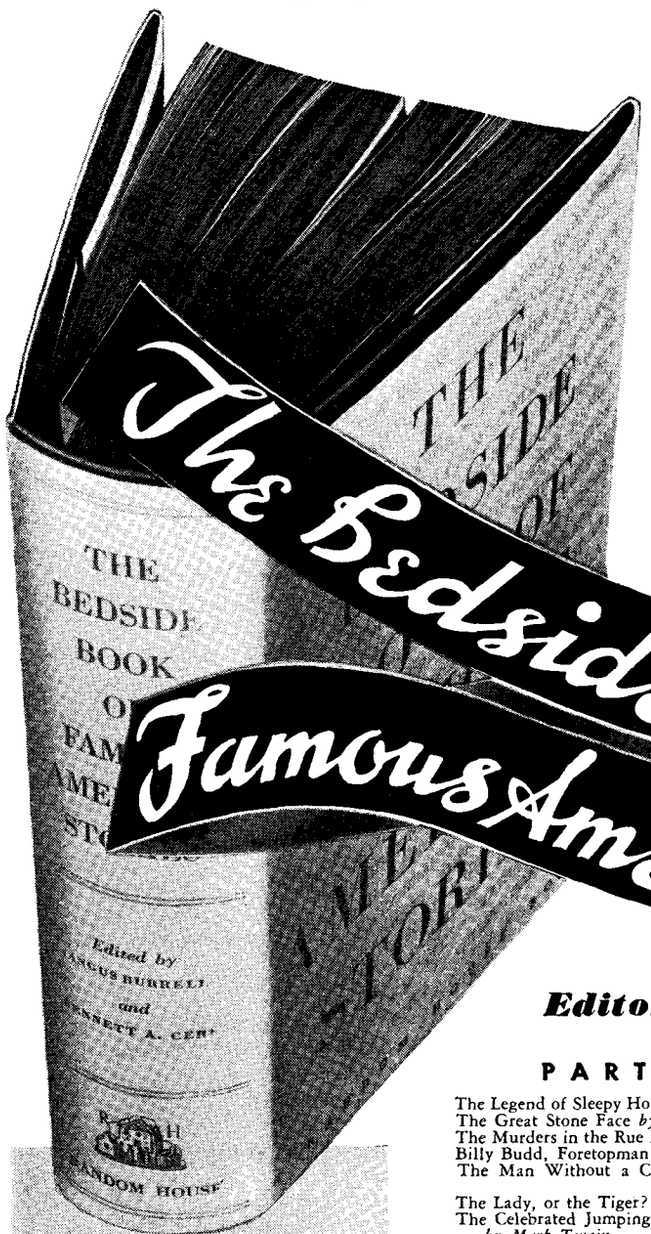

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Moody's Love Letters

LETTERS TO HARRIET. By William Vaughan Moody. Edited by Percy MacKaye. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

THE love story which underlies Moody's letters to Harriet Tilden Brainard is only half revealed, yet so far as one can gather and surmise is of rare biographic and human interest. Rather unexpectedly in a poet of moods so intense and full of color, it is not at all passional, being rather a thing of tender and exalted friendship. It began in an accident while they were walking beneath the stars, a precipitous fall which shattered Mrs. Brainard's ankle and made her a cripple. Moody was a newcomer in the group of poets, professors, and artists who frequented her Chicago drawing room; but sympathy with the sufferer, together with "a sense of deep—bear with me if I say religious—gratitude for your gift of friendship," impelled him to write to her. "I feel that in knowing you I have had a rich blessing—one that will enter for good into all that I do or become." That was in 1901, when he was thirty-three. It was eight years later, in 1909, that they married—when he was himself a sufferer from the brain tumor of which he died in 1910. Throughout, the mood of that first letter is maintained, expressing itself in discussion of what he was seeing and thinking and writing, and of the books and plays of the moment.

And, throughout, both seem to have accepted long periods of separation as a matter of course. Harriet had a prosperous business in Chicago from which she could not absent herself; but she encouraged Moody to spend his long leaves of absence from the University in traveling abroad, and in residence in the literary metropolis. His travels ranged from Greece to the Arizona desert, and he had always a studio apartment in New York. Yet even so, individualist that he was, he had moods in which he felt her solicitude for him, her incitements to exalted achievement, as an intolerable burden.

At the time of the letters, most of the poems had been written which made Moody's first reputation and he was a commencing dramatist. Years before, Edmund Clarence Stedman had predicted that the next movement in American literature would be on the stage; and Moody and his friends were bent upon making the prediction good, preferably with poetic drama. "Our little group" he called them; and Percy MacKaye, in his scholarly and enthusiastic editorial comment on the present volume, names the "phalanx of five"—Moody, MacKaye, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Ridgely Torrence, and Josephine Preston Peabody. Moody's poetic "Masque of Judgment" and "The Fire Bringer" did not reach the stage; but two realistic prose plays did, and they achieved a reputation which makes his comments on them to Harriet of prime interest today.

Of the second, "The Faith Healer," William Archer once said to me that it was the finest American play to that date. He commended especially its simple naturalism and technical forthrightness. But to most of those who saw the performance it lacked conviction both as to the faith which the Healer professed and as to the nature of the love affair which played havoc with his power as healer and which is the dramatic core of the whole. One never quite knew what it was all about. Moody's letters, I think, show that he was in the same quandary.

"The Great Divide" bears traces of a similar indecision but the upshot was quite opposite. Stephen Ghent rescues Ruth from two drunken marauders bent on raping her, but his price (he also being in liquor) is that she go with him. They are married and there is a child. Shame for what he has done and a genuine love of Ruth bring out the best in a nature not really bad. But Ruth, out of an ingrained puritanism, steadfastly loathes him. As the play was first written, her similarly minded brother did likewise and finally shot Ghent. But somehow the end was wrong. After cudgeling his brains, Moody emphasized Ghent's essential decency and his doglike devotion; and, in a scene highly dramatic and convincing, Ruth recognizes that in his case the wages of sin are—regeneration. Never was a happy ending more sturdily resisted or more thoroughly warranted, artistically as popularly. Technically the play lacks decision and rhythm in outline; but it is by no means certain that a quarter of a century has brought us anything better in its kind.

To those who did not know him intimately, Moody seemed a creature proudly aloof and subject to glooms. He was, indeed, shy and—moody. But these letters, together with comments by the "little group" which Mr. MacKaye has piously assembled, reveal a nature of the most human and sympathetic charm. The humor which trickles from Polly of "The Great Divide" and illumines that really great poem "The Menagerie" was his lifelong companion. He loved animals as only a humorist and a humanist can, and he loved his fellow men as few humanists have succeeded in doing. And, for all its aloofness and its insistence on individual freedom, his love for Harriet and his steadfast devotion to her shine forth among the purest of epistolary gems.

John Corbin was for some years dramatic critic of the New York Times *and later of the* New York Sun.

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A Practical Mystic

THE MIND OF PAUL. By Irwin Edman. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1935. $1.75.

BEYOND DAMASCUS: A Biography of Paul. By F. A. Spencer. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

Reviewed by BERYL HAROLD LEVY

THE recent renascence of interest in Paul can be easily explained. In the realm of scholarship we have still to combat sectarian prepossession when it comes to an objective account of our religious traditions. But the fermentingly religious epoch between Hellenic civilization and the Middle Ages is crucial for an understanding of the origins of our civilization, and it is natural that disinterested scholars should now seek to piece together the materials to bridge the gap. Paul, even more than Jesus, emerges as the pivotal figure, in Mr. Edman's recent book, as in the less recent book of Professor Spencer.

Around Paul's career Professor Spencer has woven an interesting account of life in the first century. His approach is a blend of that sympathy and irony, that disciplined scholarship leavened by not too fanciful an imagination, which is the minimal requisite. After all, the Book of Acts and Paul's epistles are our only first-hand sources. But one wishes that Mr. Spencer had allowed himself less anecdote and gossip, less leeway in filling in the backgrounds with such pseudo-knowledge as we have of the religious trends of the period. We should then have had a more direct biography of Paul, more psychologically sophisticated; and the history would not have been so cursory with respect to economic and other basic determinations. If his classical erudition had extended equally to the Hebrew sources, perspective would also have been gained.

The skeleton of the story is thrice familiar,—how Saul, the Jewish tent-maker, persecutor of the Nazarenes, received a vision *en route* to Damascus, and suffered a conversion. Thereafter he is to be known as Paul, the Roman citizen, apostle of Christ, the one true Lord. His sedulous journeys and letter-writing proceed to lay the foundations for that universal church of those, Jew or Greek, slave or free, who would, like himself, be saved by belief in Christ crucified.

> **For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom:**
> **But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness;**
> **But unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.**

He was in Mr. Spencer's simple formula, a "practical mystic," caught in a fervent love of Christ, but not so lost in his devotion as not to be able to spend his energies in constructive organization. To tell the reader early in the account that Paul was a "born hero-worshipper" is to plant the seeds of credulity for his later devotion to Jesus, but it is to follow the technique of the detective story rather than of significant character analysis. *Why* was his a hero-worshipping temperament? The conjunction of celibacy and its exaltation together with his curious attachment to the crucified Jew he probably never saw bear all the components of homosexual drive and fantasy. This is one type of explanation (not, be it noted, an explaining away) of which we would have sought more, not to impugn the authenticity of the mysticism but to transillumine the personality of the mystic. Mr. Spencer does, indeed, assure us that Paul's preachment was pathological in relation to his Jewish training, though congruous with other cultic practices of the time. With respect to the causation of the vision on the road of Damascus, Spencer lays it to nervous prostration, after the feverish activities against the "Christians" in Jerusalem. Also, he leans toward acceptance of Ramsay's malaria theory rather than epilepsy, as an explanation of the "thorn in the flesh," but throughout he is cautious in avoiding extremes.

This caution has, however, misled him with respect to the controversy concerning the character of the Pharisees. In contradistinction to their bad reputation for literalistic fanaticism, Talmudic scholarship has established that the Pharisees were, in fact, the central characteristically Bible-interpreting, normally progressive body of Jews rather than the "strict sect" which Spencer pictures. Who should know better than those steeped in the Hebrew sources of before and after; and is not the acceptance of the traditional view by Spencer (despite his protestation), again too easy a paving of the way for Paul's reaction against the oppression of the "Law"?

Without systematically tracing the lines, Spencer does succeed in making clear how Paul, to the last, thought he was merely interpreting the Jewish messianic hope as fulfilled in Christ, while assimilating to his gospel the typical mystery religion pattern of the dying god who is later resurrected, as well as elements of stern Stoic adherence to virtue, especially the slavish duty of sticking to one's post, however oppressed. It was this facile eclecticism which won the day for Christianity against all its genuinely rival faiths. Certainly it was the emotional fervor with which Paul tapped the brew, rather than its intellectual compulsions, which made the new faith plausible. St. Augustine, indeed, tells us that it was the intellectual shoddiness of Paul which deterred him so long from embracing Christianity. And Paul met with fiasco in his sermon to the philosophic audience at Athens.

Mr. Edman also sees Paul less as a missionary or theologian than as a mystic, and also as a practical mystic but less in the sense of an executive organizer than as one whose mysticism took on ethical consequences, the sharing in which was to transform one's life. To Edman the vision on the road to Damascus, by whatever ailment it may or may not have been caused, is the central religious experience around which Paul's distinctive contribution builds. His was an authentic re-

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ligious genius, initiator of the distinguished line of Christian mysticism (which has been a special object of Mr. Edman's teaching at Columbia). His vision is described by such words as immediate, intuitive, passionate, and absolute. But what is peculiarly significant of it is that out of this "enraptured indistinction" between himself and divine being, out of his sense of Christ's indwelling presence ("It is not I that live but Christ that lives in me") came a repudiation of the flesh and sin and an affirmation of love, joy, peace, meekness, and long-suffering. These are the fruits of the Spirit, once the flesh has, like Christ, become crucified. The old man is dead and the new man who is the believer lives. By this moral element is Paul's mysticism to be distinguished from the magical and ritualistic identification of the mysteries, and the speculative ascent to the One of the neo-Platonists.

The analysis of Paul's mysticism follows an account of Paul's relations to Judaism, Jesus, and the mystery religions, preceded by a canvass of Paul's various and divergent interpreters. These chapters cover surprisingly much the same ground as Spencer, though Edman is focussing on the intellectual threads which wove into the mind of the man and seeking a clear focus despite the agglomeration of subsequent theologizing. His tone is far more elevated than Spencer's and the book, like everything of Edman's, is a contribution to *belles lettres*. It is an essay on Paul which, like Pater's on Plato and Arnold's on Spinoza (for this is really the tradition in which Edman writes), must live. It makes no pretension to exactitude or completeness, being designed for those "interested in religion in its relation to human culture and imagination." As one such, who has himself participated in the Columbia University program of studies in religion, I must add that the book will doubtless seem slight to specialists in the field, who will feel that Edman has done little more than take a Cook's tour through the secondary sources, having himself knowledge of little Greek and less Hebrew, and that he has made his own composite which palpably shows where he followed Deismann, Foakes-Jackson, Montefiore, Kennedy, *et al.* Nor will technical philosophers regard the essay as much more than a high class piece of journalism. But Edman is neither of these. His job was one of artistic portraiture of a man's philosophic constitution. He undertook to humanize a vast corpus of scholarship so much of which is arid. He has succeeded.

There is more than a scholarly reason for renewed interest in Paul. Our times are palpably marked by a comparable tissue of competing faiths, with national barriers and traditional orthodoxy under attack. Perhaps Mr. Spencer is right, that that "dream would have died in Judæa had not a Jew of Tarsus seen a vision on the road to Damascus." Perhaps it would have been in any case resurgent. Undoubtedly, though the entire spiritual tradition may now be doomed as quixotic, the need for somehow giving concrete implementation to this ideal was never more poignant.

Beryl H. Levy teaches philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

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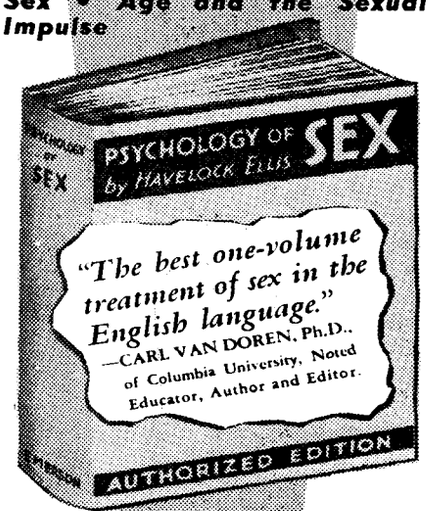
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A Medical List

I should like (writes A. K. of Bridgewater, Va.) a list of suitable books, first choices, you might say, on the subject of medicine. I mean books which would be helpful for pre-med students.

HAVING not long since talked to a young medical student, and been much impressed with the attitude almost of awe with which he approached his vocation, when A. K.'s letter came in I felt that her request demanded much greater familiarity with the field of medical literature than I could glean no matter over how many reference books I pored. So I wrote to a friend who is both an experienced practising physician and a lover of literature and who could, I knew, be counted on to give me a list of books which would not only be instructive but stimulating. Promptly came back an answer from which I abstract the following facts. Dr. Osler, that great physician who for so long shed lustre on Johns Hopkins and who has left behind him writings which are full of charm for the layman as well as the physician, made two books obligatory reading in his courses. No, not some specialized studies of disease or chronicle of the development of medicine, but volumes which thousands who have no intention of approaching doctoring in any way except as relief from possible ills, have been reading these many years—Sir Thomas Browne's RELIGIO MEDICI and Voltaire's ZADIG. Both of these books are to be had in editions varying from costly to cheap so I quote no separate publishers for them. At any rate, they should go on the shelf for the intending medical student. Another volume that should join them is the LIFE OF PASTEUR (Doubleday, Doran), by Vallery Radot, son-in-law of the great scientist. I can answer for the fact of its interest, for it was proof even against the French in which I read the first part of it before I got hold of an English edition which I finished at much greater speed. Dr. Osler has supplied an introduction for the translation. Cushing's LIFE OF OSLER himself (Oxford University Press) should go in the biography niche, and along with it R. M. Wilson's THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN (Macmillan) a life of Sir James Mackenzie. Two works of the last few years, Paul de Kruif's MICROBE HUNTERS and MEN AGAINST DEATH (both Harcourt, Brace) make good reading, especially the former which had immense popularity at the time of its appearance. Another volume, this time a novel, which my friend recommended, pops into my mind out of turn at this moment just because of De Kruif's name. That is Sinclair Lewis's ARROWSMITH (Harcourt, Brace) for which the author drew for guidance in his descriptions of a research institution on Dr. De Kruif who for a time was associated with the Rockefeller Institute. Now I've gone too fast for my list, for I've left biography without mentioning Lambert and Goodwin's MEDICAL LEADERS (Bobbs-Merrill), or a book which I read in galley proof the other day, shortly to be issued by W. W. Norton &

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
ROXANA *Clarence Budington Kelland* (Harpers: $2.)	Novel	Small town, corn-fed honey, makes a sucker of the Broadway Jungle with her—so help me, customers,—with her cooking! Trigger gab, swift action, and a clinch finale.	Chicken Pie
SWORDS OF MARS *Edgar Rice Burroughs* (Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc.: $2.)	Adventure	While the Prince of Helium gent, John Carter, hunts for racketeers in Zodanga, Crook Ur Jan pulls a snatch on Dejah Thoris, his mate. Tip: Lay your money on Carter.	Terrific
MOUNTAIN MEN *Jackson Gregory* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Western	Sheriff Madden has one tough time bringing to justice a bunch of killers while his kin folks are in danger and his friend fails to see Shorty Hannan's true colors.	Rip Snortin'

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Co., AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY, in which Victor Heiser, who became one of the great authorities on plague and tropical diseases, writes with engaging modesty, and, if without distinction of style, of material so interesting in itself as to make his book consistently so. It is a volume that could well stand side by side with another also to be issued before long by Norton, THOSE WERE GOOD DAYS! by Carl Ludwig Schleich, a German physician who was a pioneer in local anesthesia. One more book I shall add on my own responsibility, Dr. Hans Zinsser's RATS, LICE, AND HISTORY (Little, Brown), a fascinating study which takes for its protagonist so little glamorous a hero as typhus fever.

Of essays for the medical student my friend sends a list beginning with two volumes by Dr. Osler, ÆQUANIMITAS (Blakiston) and ALABAMA STUDENT (Oxford University Press), and continuing with Raymond Pearl's TO BEGIN WITH (Knopf), Alfred Cohn's MEDICINE, SCIENCE, AND ART (University of Chicago Press), and including for the sake of its historical interest, Thomas Huxley's SCIENCE AND EDUCATION. For the history of medicine she suggests Libby's INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE (Houghton Mifflin) and Haggard's DEVILS, DRUGS, AND DOCTORS (Harpers), and for medicine itself Clendenning's THE HUMAN BODY (Knopf) and Beaumont's EXPERIMENTS ON THE GASTRIC JUICE (Harvard University Press). What's in a name? You never can tell, for she says this last volume is "a dramatic and exciting" book.

Georgia History

JAMES EDWARD OGLETHORPE. By Amos Aschbach Ettinger. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. $5.50.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THIS will probably for long remain the most important, if not the final, life of the founder of Georgia. Wide and careful research by the author has revealed new facts, and the scholarship is meticulous and accurate. About one-seventh of the book is devoted to the history of the family and the remainder to Oglethorpe himself and his political and philanthropic interests. It is a reference and source book for the specialist rather than reading for the general public. A somewhat unimportant member of Parliament and a philanthropist of two centuries ago would in any case be a difficult subject to make vital today, but the author's style, while clear, is pedestrian. The hero does not emerge as a living personality and the reader tires of endless facts of every grade of importance. The book will be invaluable for the student in the narrow fields of Oglethorpe's life and the history of Georgia but as a biography of a man it is lacking in life and color. The research appears to have been exhaustive and it may be assumed that material has been found lacking for a more intimate portrayal of the man other than as a public character. There is a good index and every page is replete with citations of authorities. It is an important book for American colonial history but a dull one.

If you read the papers, you want to read

PROPAGANDA and the NEWS

by Will Irwin

STANLEY WALKER, author of "City Editor," says: "Men and women who listen to the radio, and who read newspapers, will be able more sensibly to judge the tremendous political events of the coming year if they read this book carefully and even prayerfully." LEWIS GANNETT says: "Like listening to a wise, warm-hearted, old-time newspaperman. The book is spiced with good stories and quick flashes of insight . . . and deals with the basic problems of modern democracy." $2.75

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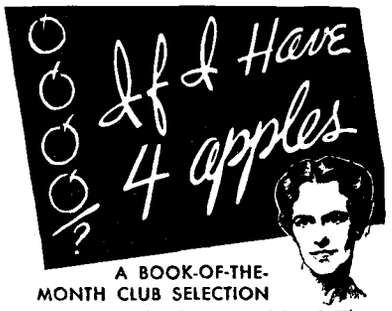

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

THE EDUCATION OF CHAUCER. By George A. Plimpton. Oxford University Press. 1935. $2.

Mr. Plimpton has followed his very valuable "Education of Shakespeare" with this new volume. As we know even less of Chaucer's life in his youth than of Shakespeare's, Mr. Plimpton has quite properly made his book an account of typical education in England of the fourteenth century, and then proceeded to demonstrate the accuracy of his statements by an analysis of the learning which Chaucer shows in his works. The brief chapters on what the young person learned about geography, about history, about literature, and his disciplines in dialectics, in medicine, in grammar, etc., are condensed but excellently illustrated with quotations happily chosen from contemporary literature. What gives this book its great distinction, however, is that the author has been able to illustrate substantially every book that could have been used in Chaucer's education, and most of those mentioned by the poet, from his own extraordinary collection of manuscripts and early printed books. At least half the book consists of reproductions and this gives it great value for librarians and for any reader interested in the medieval period or in its great ornament in English, Chaucer.

H. S. C.

Biography

APACHE AGENT. By Woodworth Clum. Houghton Mifflin. 1936. $3.

This book, an incomplete biography of John P. Clum, a remarkable figure of the early Southwest and agent of the San Carlos Apaches in a very trying time, is valuable source material. The author, son of its hero, lacks detachment, and seems to have been unable to make up his mind whether he was writing a biography of an old-timer, which, intelligently done, could have been extremely interesting, or the story of the Apache wars from a new angle. The result is too much of a compromise. A similar uncertainty shows in the fluctuating style, now stilted, now free; sometimes apparently the old man speaking in the idiom and periods of his time, sometimes the writer. Nonetheless, the twin central themes of how the white man drove the Apaches back and back into war, and what one young, inexperienced, and really sympathetic white man was able to do with the fiercest of all our Indians, remains absorbing. The author mentions a similarity between John Clum and Lawrence: there is none in character, but in achievement on different scales, comparison can be found.

O. La F.

Fiction

IN THE SECOND YEAR. By Storm Jameson. Macmillan. 1936. $2.50.

Sinclair Lewis not long since demonstrated how insidiously yet surely fascism might win control in America. Now comes Miss Jameson to show an England of 1941 under fascist rule and all the ills, pains, and despair inherent in it. But Miss Jameson has been less fortunate than Mr. Lewis in carrying conviction; where he is ingenious she is commonplace, and where he is plausible she rouses incredulity. She has none of Mr. Lewis's gift for satirical characterization, none of that ability to catch the very tone and cadence of the politician or the statesman, none of that understanding of the common mind which make his strength. "In the Second Year" is merely a fairly interesting novel whose incidents and descriptions have sufficient factual accuracy at times to appear transcriptions from happenings in Germany or Italy

(*Continued on page* 28)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WHY SHOOT A BUTLER? *Georgette Heyer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Two menials murdered in English manor. Rude Mr. Amberley flouts police but drives criminal to *felo de se.*	One of those missing will and wrongful heir yarns which in this case comes off rather well.	Engaging
THE EIGHT CROOKED TRENCHES *Francis Beeding* (Harpers: $2.)	Intricate plot to overthrow Nazi power in Berlin and plunge Europe into sudden war foiled by Col. Alistair Granby.	Typical Beeding international intrigue yarn with many fights and narrow escapes set against background of Geneva.	Pretty good
THE DARTMOOR ENIGMA *Sir Basil Thompson* (Crime Club: $2.)	Anonymous letter leads Inspector Richardson to investigate, at great length, murder which looked like automobile accident.	Slightly routine account of the way dogged Britons solve murders, with minutiae and small narrative skill.	On the dull side

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The Compleat Collector

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Peregrine Pickle

T. SMOLLETT: THE ADVENTURES OF PEREGRINE PICKLE. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Illustrations by John Austen. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1935. *2 vols.*

FOR the Limited Editions Club the Oxford University Press has produced one of the large, handsome editions which it has made distinctive in its work for the Club. These two volumes literally bulk large: the excuse, if any is necessary, is that handy-volume editions are easily available, and for a library reprint the large format is agreeable. This is a subject for debate, but that the Oxford Press has done its work with success, according to its presumption, is not debatable.

A large size of that handsome round roman type face which was revived several years ago under the name of John Bell, the eighteenth century English publisher, is used in broad column to make a well proportioned page. The paper is stout and pleasing in color. There is the usual attention to details which one expects from an Oxford book. The binding is in green cloth, with simple stamping, but with block-printed end papers.

The chief point about this edition is the illustrations by John Austen. There are twenty-four multi-color drawings, reproduced lithographically, and some in black and white. The drawings are slightly burlesqued, and much in the spirit of the eighteenth century. In scale they go well with the large type pages. And the coloring is soft and pleasing. Altogether the pictures are among the best of the colored illustrations in any of the Club's books. The edition is a handsome handling of Smollett's text, in a style which the eighteenth century would have liked.

Isaiah Thomas

FROM 'PRENTICE TO PATRON: the Life Story of Isaiah Thomas. By Annie Russell Marble. New York: Appleton-Century. 1935. $3.

The story of printing and publishing in America in the eighteenth century includes many well-known names—Hugh Gaine, Matthew Cary, Benjamin Franklin among them—but none of more interest than that of Isaiah Thomas. Born in 1749 of a wandering, restless father and a courageous and capable mother, Isaiah, after six weeks' poor schooling, was indentured to Zechariah Fowle, a Boston printer. He was six years old at the time! He learned the trade of printing in the thorough manner of the old days, and from then till his death in 1831, he was a printer, newspaper publisher, active book publisher and book dealer, Free Mason, writer, and benefactor. His early years were filled with the uncertainties of a business which has always been precarious: the American Revolution forced him to remove from Boston (where his printing-office and newspaper were flourishing) to Worcester (where he met with many difficulties). He established the *Massachusetts Spy*, which he and his son continued for many years, though hampered by lack of paper, lack of support, shortage of funds. Eventually, with the coming of peace, and the success of his editions of juveniles, almanacs, etc., his business became firmly established and he a wealthy man. In partnership with apprentices who had served their time in his office, he established "branch" offices in many cities of New England. His output rivalled that of Gaine or Cary. His newspapers came to have much influence. And his active mind, despite its "six weeks' schooling" made him a ready writer, and eventually led to the collecting of American imprints and the writing of that "History of

(*Continued on next page*)

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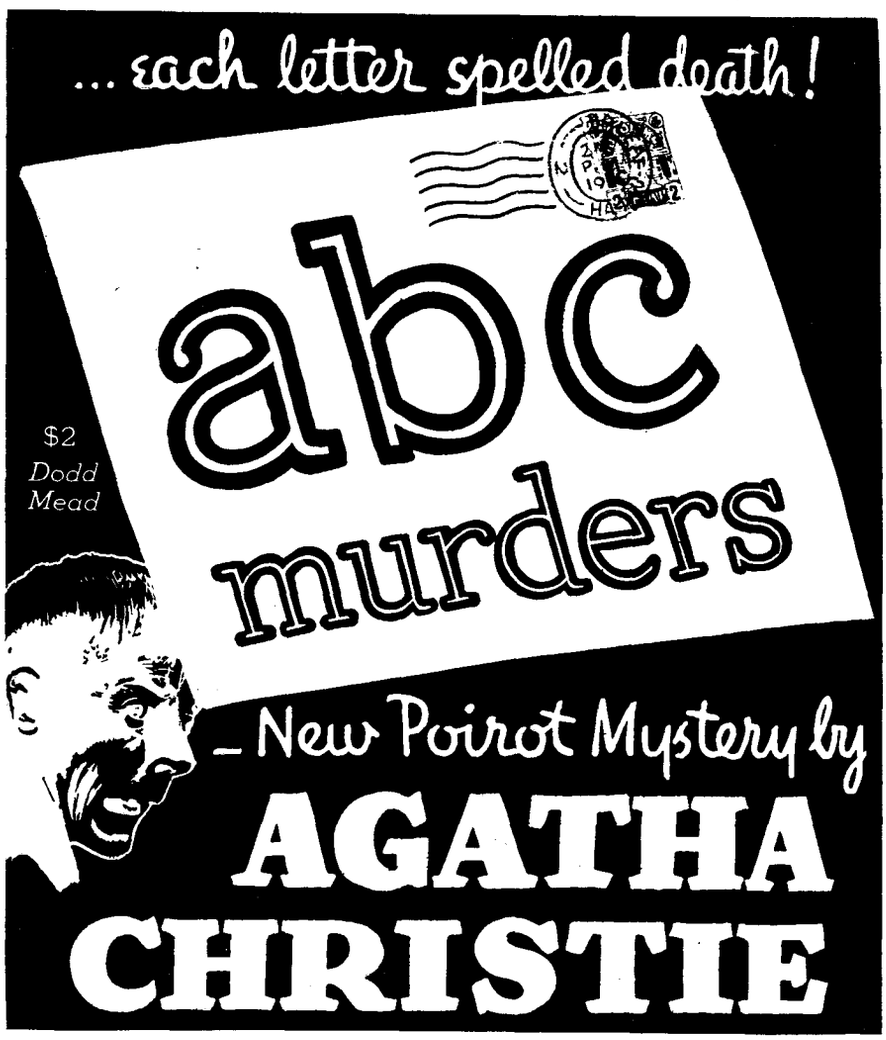

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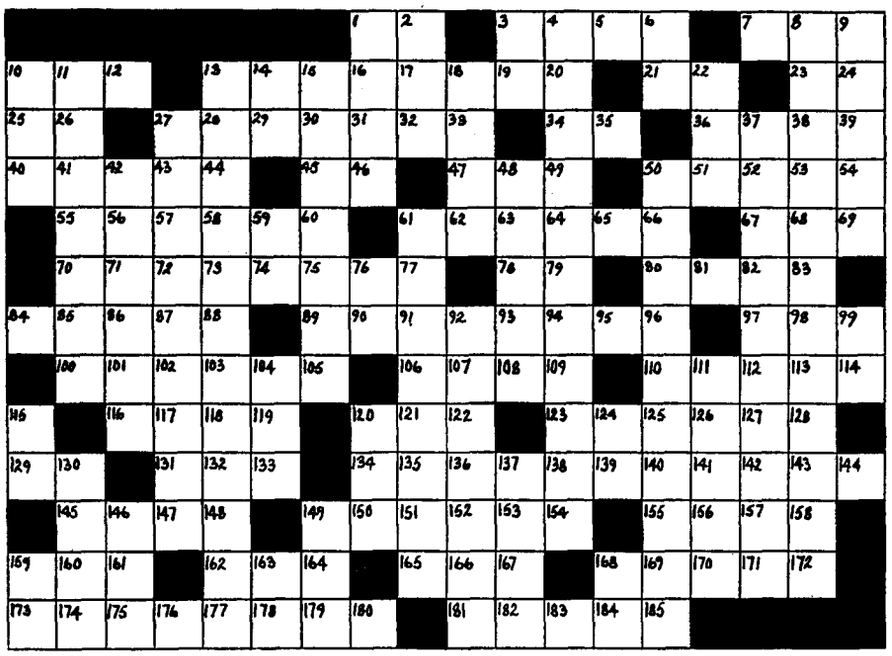
Double-Crostics: No. 100

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 30 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS.

I. Obscured, masked.

II. To caution, reprove.

III. Rare element in atmosphere.

IV. The young of an animal.

V. Personal pronoun.

VI. A pert girl.

VII. Rascally.

VIII. To be on one's guard.

IX. Just.

X. Partial (comp.)

XI. Complete.

XII. One room of a small apartment.

XIII. Point on the ecliptic.

XIV. American poet (1879-1931).

XV. Heroine of medieval legend.

XVI. Nonsense (colloq.).

XVII. Forthwith (poetic).

XVIII. Furious attack.

XIX. Humbug.

XX. Foes.

XXI. A rich source.

XXII. French engineer (1832-1923).

XXIII. Meditates deliberately.

XXIV. Hebrew child in fiery furnace (Daniel).

XXV. Offshoots.

XXVI. A worthless thing.

WORDS.

110 150 117 39 59 102

36 178 100 137 92 42 168 47

54 124 34 76

182 1 111 104 13

180 62 18

89 120 8 41

6 138 173 113 27 105 162

174 183 165 40 19 127

177 134 96 24 64 184 142 38 123

85 44 33 144 156 37 53 49

50 176 169 69 152 149 65 10

58 170 115 136 84 30 73 15 52 185 12

26 4 14 154 147 75 57 72

172 132 28 74 175 16 83

94 88 119 91 112 129

35 155 108 71 122 160 68 128 171 46

158 51 106 99 79 130 22 167

43 151 32 7 81 153 139 148 93

159 11 21 164 67 116 121 133

63 95 20 80 163 101 70

55 98 31 66

2 146 118 157 125 179

161 143 126 25 82 103 9 114 17

78 45 48 60 87 166 29 107

5 141 23 61 140 56 145 109 97 181

135 90 86 77 131 3

The Compleat Collector

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Printing in America" which (there was a first edition in 1810, a later and much expanded edition in 1874) is still a useful book and a landmark in American printing history.

Thomas was a leading Free Mason, with a lodge named for him, and many Masonic imprints in the list of his publications. But his most lasting enterprise was the formation of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, founded on his library and housed in his house. It was a vision similar to that of Franklin; and in his dogged pursuit of his chosen calling he showed many of Franklin's qualities. The story of these "practical" printers of the eighteenth century shows them in general good business men, able printers: Thomas was among the foremost.

Mrs. Marble's book is not such good reading as it ought to be, owing to a diffuse and uninspired style. That it is accurate seems likely, for she has done a good deal of first-hand investigating, and her authorities are Thomas's own papers and such abler writers as Nicholls. As a popular handling of the life of Isaiah Thomas it may introduce many readers to him.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 26*)

and at others wear a melodramatic tinge. Its personalities never come sufficiently to life to engage sympathy, nor its action to persuade the reader of its probability.

The story is told in the first person by an English teacher long resident in Norway but back in his native land on a visit, who has returned to his home to find his sister the wife of an ardent fascist, head of a body of Volunteers which roughly conforms to the Storm Troopers of Germany. This single-minded and wholehearted man fails to realize that the Volunteers have served their purpose and are now a hindrance rather than a help to the authorities whom he so ardently supports. There is, of course, but one solution for the situation—his own elimination. In the end Richard Sacker pays with his life for his loyalty to a forlorn hope, and as a final touch of tragedy to her tale Miss Jameson has her heroine commit suicide, a victim of the intolerable disharmonies which fascism induces in the state. The purpose of Miss Jameson's tale is, of course, to depict the struggle between the liberal and the authoritarian mind,—a powerful theme which she treats in mediocre fashion.

A. L.

ROOM SERVICE. By Alan Williams. Godwin. 1936. $2.

A short hard-boiled novel that is very readable. There is nothing at all likable about Miles Farrington, but the prize jam he gets himself into, while going on a bender to escape one of the most scurvy wives ever portrayed in fiction, is exciting—and, with him, you hurry along waiting for the pursuit to break yapping on his heels. What actually happens is full of

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irony; that is the strongest thing in Mr. Williams's book.

Finally Farrington ties up to a very decent and kindly girl of the streets, and, in the denouement, one gets rather fond of her, till she turns out to be—once the stress and strain is over—just as vulgar and ill-suited to Farrington as she actually would have been. Mr. Williams has been at pains not to stack the cards at the end of his novel, and for that one admires him, even while being jarred at the final macabre note of the book.

For the average reader this will prove an exciting yarn.

W. R. B.

Miscellaneous

THE STRANGER IN AMERICA. By Charles William Janson. Reprinted with an Introduction and Notes by Dr. Carl S. Driver. New York: Press of the Pioneers. 1936. $5.

Janson was an English commercial man who for his own purposes traveled widely through the United States in the 1790's. He had more than the usual anti-French and anti-American prejudices of the day but he was a shrewd observer with a taste for statistics and a willingness to go to some pains to describe the phenomena of a new country such as the wild pigeon, the domestic manners of the Yankees, the state of the theatre, and the personalities of eminent men. Hence his book is as valuable as it is interesting, and this useful re-publication is made still more attractive by a number of very good prints.

H. S. C.

PERSONALS

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MAN, 30, by temporary circumstance a HERMIT, hankers for news. Box 66-B.

K.—SORRY, calling New York is expensive.

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TEACHER, salary $2,400, healthy, precocious boy 8, girl 6, talented musically—not Jewish or Italian—would appreciate benefactor wishing to help educate children of Americans. Box 72-B.

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To keep the archives up-to-date, there are listed here the outstanding books published by *The Inner Sanctum* since last October:

Around the World With the Alphabet — HENDRIK W. VAN LOON
I Write As I Please — WALTER DURANTY
A Tale of Two Horses — A. F. TSCHIFFELY
Sudden Death And How to Avoid It — J. C. FURNAS and E. N. SMITH
The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys — FRANKLIN P. ADAMS (FPA)
For Members Only — PETER ARNO
Take it Easy — WALTER B. PITKIN
Outposts of Science — BERNARD JAFFE
Junior Fun In Bed — FRANK SCULLY and VIRGINIA KIRKUS
Fun In Bed for Children — FRANK SCULLY and VIRGINIA KIRKUS
Beethoven's 32 Sonatas for Pianoforte — Edited by ARTUR SCHNABEL
The Balcony — ADRIAN BELL
Cross Word Puzzle Book No. 37 — BURANELLI—PETHERBRIDGE—HARTSWICK

In the ranks of general literature WALTER DURANTY'S *I Write As I Please* has led the field both for critical acclaim and best-seller performance. . . . *Around The World With The Alphabet* has set the pace for the juveniles—probably the first ESSANDESS children's book in the last ten years that has not been a resounding dud. . . . In the miscellaneous category *Sudden Death And How To Avoid It* has broken several long-standing records for sheer mass-appeal, with more than 200,000 copies sold in less than three months. . . . In the domain of books definitely marked for the years, *The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys* has clearly won the palm and laurel (*"Posterity, meet Mr. Adams. . . . Mr. Adams, meet posterity."*)

☞ The present tremors at *The Inner Sanctum* are caused by a new book entitled *Your Income Tax by* HUGH SATTERLEE and I. HERMAN SHER. . . It is first aid for the tax-troubled and a bulwark against The Ides of March, with the dead-line for income tax returns twenty-odd days away. . . . This book is not only timely and newsworthy, but—after March 15—definitely perishable. . . (Flash! Publisher Admits Book Is Not Destined For Immortality.) ☞ The new Spring catalogue of *The Inner Sanctum* will be ready any minute now. . . . Advance first edition copies of this manifesto of editorial hopes and fears can be had, as usual, without cost (and even less obligation) by addressing inquiries to *The Inner Sanctum*, for the personal attention of

ESSANDESS

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Quercus is under the impression that life is too complicated. Take for example so apparently simple a matter as this morning's milk. When Q was a boy at Helsingfors milk was just sloshed out of a can by a big shiny dipper. But now look at it. The paper-cap of the bottle is a regular encyclical. It says that this is Grade A Vitamin D Milk; it was pasteurized between midnight and noon on Thursday; it is "produced" by the addition of Vitamin D Concentrate under a process invented and controlled by the laboratories of Columbia University; it has been "accepted" by the American Medical Association; to open the Standard Hood Seal (protected by all sorts of patents) you must Pull the Wire Down. It contains "not less than 400 U.S.P.X. revised 1934 units per quart." Even the pasteurizing place has a complex address: 130-15 94th Ave., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y. ☞And what about the homely old cow? Ah, that's an udder story. ☞Quercus has flattened out the ingenious paper top (which thus makes a handy little beer-mat) and keeps it to remind him that humanity has a genius for making life difficult.

☞A really exciting attempt to simplify the mental hazards of existence is Dorothea Brande's *Wake Up and Live!* (Simon & Schuster, $1.75). She has put her finger very shrewdly on some truths that most of us try valiantly to conceal from ourselves. ☞The American Autograph Shop has reprinted the verse Kipling wrote when he learned that two railroad stations in Michigan had been named for him, one *Rudyard* and the other *Kipling.* ☞Railroad men would find it amusing to reread the story of the American who flagged an English "through" train; it is called "An Error in the Fourth Dimension," in the volume *The Day's Work.* ☞Probably the last autograph R. K. wrote, as such, was done for the distinguished Dr. J. M. T. Finney of Baltimore. A friend of Dr. Finney's went all the way to London with an illuminated parchment of *If* and sat around Brown's Hotel until he got it signed. The next day Kipling went to the hospital.

☞Argosy Bookstore, 114 East 59 St., celebrates Washington's Birthday by offering a remarkable lot of paterpatriana, viz. 1381 prints, lithographs and engravings, plus books and pamphlets. They quote Gilbert Stuart: "Washington resembled no one but himself. His large eye-sockets, his breadth of nose, his compressed mouth and chin . . . indicative of the strongest passions . . . had he been born a savage he would have been a Devourer of Villages." ☞Goodspeed's monthly bulletin (7 Ashburton Place, Boston), listing some interesting Conrad intimacies, reminds us of the great Pole's irritation at always being called a writer of sea stories. He justly remarked "They don't call Thomas Hardy a writer of land stories."

☞We were pleased by Paul Bennett's excellent article about Elmer Adler, the distinguished typographer, in *The Linotype News.* Whenever Old Quercus looks at some of the books that Adler has designed it makes him eager to write something deserving really lucid and intelligent printing. Gosh and golly, when old Pancreatic Quercus thinks of how some of his own stuff has been printed. ☞We were sorry to learn (from good old George Frisbee) of the death of that able and friendly California bookman George Douglas, who was long the literary editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle* and in recent years on a Los Angeles paper. Mr. Douglas, who died at 61, was originally an Australian. It was he who, 20 years ago, started Mr. Frisbee on the study of "Shakespeare," with results familiar to all students of this paper's PERSONALS.

☞Dorothy Sayers, whose *Gaudy Night* is now out (and will cause some muttering among those who hanker for the detective novel in its more bald and stereotyped form) once made some very pleasant remarks on the first begetting of her admired creation Lord Peter Wimsey. Like all writers who themselves are hard-up, she enjoyed giving Lord Peter a large income and luxurious trimmings. "After all," Miss Sayers says, "it cost me nothing, and it gave me pleasure to spend his fortune for him. When I was dissatisfied with my single unfurnished room, I took a luxurious flat for him in Piccadilly. When my cheap rug got a hole in it, I ordered him an Aubusson carpet. When I had no money to pay my bus fare, I presented him with a Daimler double-six, upholstered in a style of sober magnificence, and when I felt dull I let him drive it. I can heartily recommend this inexpensive way of furnishing to all who are discontent with their incomes. It relieves the mind and does no harm to anybody."

☞The exhibition of "The Textbook of the Future" is attracting many visitors to the National Arts Club (N. Y. C.). It will be open, we believe, until the beginning of March. ☞There are some interesting experiments in brevity in Somerset Maugham's new collection of short stories, *Cosmopolitans*—so called because they all appeared in that magazine. Also one of his highly readable prefaces. ☞Old Q., who is mighty choosy in his fiction, looks forward to Marguerite Steen's new novel about Spain—*The Tavern.* We thought her earlier one, *Matador*, a grand piece of flamboyant scribing.

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